Frontispiece to Vol. 24.

Serfojie Rajah 1817

Fourth of the Improved Work.

THE Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHACE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 24.

Greyhound.

London.

Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.

1804.

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OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

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MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR APRIL, 1804.

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II. *The Sportsman's Repast—a beautiful Etching by Bell, from a celebrated Artist.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY

W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Verses that censure the master of a seminary in Gloucestershire, for his propensities to sporting, only expose the poverty of the writer's ideas. If the *real writer* will revise them, we shall have no objection to publish all the particulars for which the *ostensible author* procured them to be written.

A. B. and several other communications, are come to hand, and shall appear without delay.

Brimber Crack's communications, in prose or verse, will always be acceptable.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Sartorius, del.

Scott, sc.

Moll Tomson and Hare Foot, with a View of the Well Gap, Newmarket.

Pub. May 1 1804 by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR APRIL, 1804.

MOLL TOMSON AND HAREFOOT,

WITH A VIEW OF THE

WELL-GAP, NEWMARKET.

An Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Painting of the Younger Sartorius.

NOT being furnished with the particulars of the subjects of this plate, for the present month, we shall make it our business to acquire the necessary information against the next publication.

SARTORIOUS THE ELDER.

AMIDST the infinity of names familiar to the sporting world, none, perhaps, has been of more celebrity, than the artist whose recent dissolution it becomes our province to report. On the fifth of March, at the age of seventy, universally respected, and without the slightest stain to sully a well-worn life of warm philanthropy and tried integrity, he, in a few days, from a state of apparent good health, gradually declined to that permanent repose from which he will no more be disturbed. If matrimony may be considered one of the predominant blessings of this life, he enjoyed much more than most married men would have considered enough; having been married to, and cohabited with, successively, five wives, the fourth of which he lost about his fiftieth year: the fifth and last lived with him, in the utmost extent of domestic happiness, for seven-and-twenty years, relinquishing this life for a better, only in January last; from the moment of whose departure, though not perceptible to his friends, the loss so powerfully preyed upon his spirits, that he gradually declined, and survived her no more than six weeks.

As an artist, his portraits of horses were well known, they having, in so great a number of years, been dispersed over most parts of the kingdom; and he is supposed to have produced more likenesses of Eclipse, during the zenith of that horses celebrity, than all his cotemporaries together, could the numbers be brought into comparison

with

with each other. In respect to his other productions, numerous as they are, if they were not superior to most, they were inferior to but few: and the uniformity of reputation annexed to him as a professional and public character, as strictly adhered to him in the conscientious discharge of his duties in private life; being, by those who knew him best, best known as the indulgent husband, the affectionate father, and the hospitable friend. Though lost to his old sporting friends, and to the world, neither his name, nor his professional popularity, die with him, but bid fair to be rescued from oblivion; having left to survive him, an only son, Mr. F. N. Sartorius, of Leicester Square, whose paintings have for years gone hand in hand with the father's, in public estimation; as well as two grandsons—sons of the latter—both of Newman Street, who likewise brandish their palettes and pencils in the service of the public, one as a horse portrait painter, and the other as a marine painter, to whose endeavours every sportsman of liberality will heartily wish success.

AN OBSERVER.

SPORTING CERTIFICATE—MATCH AGAINST TIME.

THIS is to certify, that Jennison Shaftoe, Esq. mounted the first horse about half an hour after four o'clock, on Wednesday morning, the 27th of June, 1759, to ride Fifty Miles in two hours; which was performed in one hour, forty nine minutes, and seventeen seconds; ending about twenty minutes past six o'clock—As witness our hands, (Signed) John Rowning, Thomas Stamford.

The Umpires were—Randall Peck, Esq.; ——— Nelthorpe, Esq.; John Rowning, watchmaker at Newmarket; and Thomas Stamford, keeper of running horses, at ditto.

The Particulars are as follow.

HORSES NAMES.	GOT BY.	OWNERS.	MILES.
Merry Bachelor	Tartar	J. Singleton	4
Wildair	Cade	J. Shaftoe	4
Juggler	Rib	Ditto	4
Forrester	Forrester	Ditto's Hunter	3
Rover	Bolton's Brother	Benjamin Rogers	4
Jack o' Newbury	Babraham	Ld Waldegrave	3
Adolphus	Regulus	Nicholas Jones	4
Prince T. Quassaw	Snip	D. of Kingston	3
Hutton's Spot		J. Shaftoe	3
Merry Bachelor, 2d Time			3
Wildair	Ditto		3
Juggler	Ditto		3
Rover	Ditto		3
Hambleton Once	Snip	J. Shaftoe	3
Adolphus 2d Time		N. Jones	$3\frac{1}{4}$
			$50\frac{1}{4}$

This

This unprecedented undertaking was performed two seconds under eleven minutes of the two hours time allowed by the articles of the match; and, to the great admiration of the noblemen and gentlemen assembled upon the occasion, Mr. Shaftoe went through the whole without the least fatigue, proving himself—as was jocularly observed at the time—"a true lineal descendant from the Godolphin Arabian."

BURNS THE POET MISAPPLIED.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

IN skimming over the Rev. W. B. Daniel's Rural Sports, in part 2, of vol. ii. page 162, I met with the following quotation from Burns the Scottish poet, which, from the way in which it is introduced, bears ample testimony of a mistaken idea in the reverend author's mind; but a hint of the Poet's allusion, may perhaps afford some amusement to the less reverend sportsman—

'Twas ae night, lately, in my fun,
I gaed a-roving with my gun,
And brought a *paitrick** to the grunt†,
A bonnie hen;
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane would ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt:
I straiked it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinking they would fash‡ me fort,
But deil-ma-care,
Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*
The hale affair.

Some auld us'd hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot:
I scorn'd to lie;
So gat the whissle o' my groat,
And paid the *fee*.

To some of your readers, it may perhaps be a piece of new information, when they learn, that in the sister country, all *faux pas* of the incontinent, fall under the cognizance of the Minister and Elders of the parish, who form what is called the Kirk Session. This tribunal, when there is a *prominent* proof, call the accused to account before this humble inquisition, and doom the guilty to public pennance in the church, where they are seated on a "black stool," and receive a most edifying admonition. Burns, who was a sportsman in the Paphian field, alluded to an *unlicensed* shot, for which he was amenable to this "poacher court;" and, in admirable equivoque celebrates the event. That the reverend author was not aware of the poet's meaning, I firmly believe; but, now that I have given him this hint—if he deigns to read it—I expect to find in the next edition of his work, and may it see another edition! the verses of Burns at full length, for some of the best are omitted.

Let me, Mr. Editor, through the medium of your excellent and widely circulating magazine, seize this opportunity of calling the attention of brother Sportsmen to the works of Robert Burns, which are published in London for the benefit of his widow and orphan family—too much of a good fellow to be a money-grub, and, as Garrick facetiously describes Goldsmith, his good and evil genius—

"Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail."

Prudence therefore never watched over his cash account, or sat with wrinkled front over a hoard of gold; but poor, as most poets have been, Burns died in the prime of life, leaving a helpless family to deplore his loss.

Burns was truly a SPORTSMAN, and

* Partridge. † Ground. ‡ Trouble me.

and has a claim upon us all who assume the honourable appellation, and who value the exhilarating magic of the social hour. Let me exhort, therefore, the "Man of pleasure and enterprise," to sport a guinea for the volumes of the Ayrshire Poet, and thus contribute towards the rearing and training, for the race of life, *Colts* and *Fillies*, produced by so capital a SIRE. And while they have thus the proud satisfaction of paying a tribute to the memory of genius, I promise them much pleasure from the perusal of the effusions of a powerful mind bursting forth amidst every hardship which could repress or extinguish the fire of poesy. Your's &c.

BRIMBER CRACK.

MYSTERY OF HEDGING.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM a plain country gentleman, and generally reside in the country, on my own estate, where I divert myself with my harriers, pointers, fishing, &c. Among other amusements of the sporting kind, I frequently attend races, within a hundred miles of me.

Now, Gentlemen, to the point. —I have been told, by some of my sporting friends, that, when five or six horses run, you may so bet, that you *may won*, but *cannot lose*; nay, farther, that in some cases, you *must win*—in other words, I wish to be let a little into the mystery of *hedging*. I can *conceive* something of it, but cannot perform. If, therefore, in the next Number of your very excellent work, you would have the goodness to point out some of the calculations, perhaps illustrated with a few examples, you would confer an everlasting obligation on—Your's &c.

IGNORAMUS.

STALLIONS.

To Cover this Season.

ALEXANDER, at Figdale, Chester, at 5gs, and 5s the groom.

Ambrosia, at the Lodge, Barham Wood, near Ellstree, Herts, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.

Annecy Arabian, at Groom's Livery Stables, Oxford Street, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.

Arabian Horse (a beautiful bay), at Wootton-house, near Bedford, at 3gs, and 2s. 6d.

Arabian (chesnut), and also a grey Arabian, both brought from India by the Hon. Mr. Wellesley, in August, 1803, at Egham Wick, near Egham, Surry, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d. each.

Arabian (Earl Poulett's), at Hinton St. George, Creukerne, Somerset, at 5gs, and 5s.

Arabian (Capt. Grey's chesnut), at Woburn, Bedfordshire, at 5gs and a half.

Beningbrough, at Shipton, near York, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.

Bonaparte, by Eclipse, at Bentham, near Newbury, Berks, at 2gs, and 5s.

Buzzard, at Newmarket, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.

Caustic, at Charles Day's, Barrow's Brook, Gloucestershire, at 3gs, and 5s.

Coriander, at Newmarket, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.

Don Quixote, at Haynes's Livery Stables, Riding-house Lane, Great Portland Street, at 5gs, and 5s.

Dungannon, at Cannons, between Stanmore and Edgware, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.

Espersykes, at Charwelton, near Daventry and Banbury, at 2gs, and 5s.

Expectation, at Catterick, near Richmond, Yorkshire, at 5gs, and 5s.

Figet,

Fidget, at Woburn, Bedfordshire, at 5gs and a half.
Gamenut, at Hanworth Park, at 5gs, and 5s.
Gladish, at Winkfield Place, near Windsor, Berks, at 3gs, and 5s.
Gouty, at Oatlands, Surry, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d.
Grouse, at Stony Stratford, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d.
Guildford, at Newmarket, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d.
Hambletonian, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 10gs and a half.
Highover, by Highflyer, at Benham, near Newbury, Berks, at 1g, and 2s. 6d.
John Bull, at Figdale, Chester, at 10gs and 10s. 6d.
Johnny, at Broomsthorpe, Norfolk, at 2gs, and 5s.
Kill Devil, at the Lodge, Barham Wood, near Ellstree, Herts, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.
King Bladud, at Hertford Bridge, Warwickshire, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d.
Mameluke, a Turkish horse, at Benham, near Newbury, Berks, at 1g, and 2s. 6d.
Mr. Teazle, at Duxbury, near Chorley, Lancashire, at 5gs, and 5s.
Meteor, at Figdale, Chester, at 5gs, and 5s.
Moorcock, at Renishaw, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, at 3gs, and 5s.
Naassan, an Arabian, at Kenwood, near Hampstead, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d.
Old Tat, at Whitley, near Warrington, at 3gs, and 2s. 6d.
Orange-Flower, at Madrin, Carnarvonshire, at 5gs, and 5s.
Pegasus, at Aldenham, Herts, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.
Petworth, at Christian Malford, Wilts, at 3gs, and 5s.
Planet, at Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, at 2gs and a half.
Sacripant, at North Cray, Kent, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.
Shuttle, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 5gs, blood mares, and 2gs, and 5s. country mares.
Sir Harry, at Clay Hill, Epsom, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d.
Sir Solomon, at Rufford, Notts, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.
Skyscraper, at Tytherton, Wiltshire, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.
Sorcerer, at Great Barton, Suffolk, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.
Squire Teazle, at the Hare Park, near Newmarket, at 5gs, and 5s.
Stamford, at Carr House, near Doncaster, at 5gs, and 5s.
Stickler, at Brampton, near Huntingdon, at 3gs, and 2s. 6d.
Sweeper, at Kenwood, near Hampstead, at 2gs, and 5s.
Tantararara, at Wootton-house, near Bedford, at 2gs, and 2s. 6d.
Teddy the Grinder, at the Corner Farm, near the Warren House, Epsom Downs, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d.
Totteridge, at Totteridge, near Barnet, Herts, at 5gs, and 10s. 6d.
Trumpator, at Clermont Lodge, near Brandon, Norfolk, at 8gs, and 10s. 6d.
Vermin, at Shrewsbury, at 3gs, and 5s
Volunteer, at Clay Hill, Epsom, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.
Warter, at Lowther, Westmoreland, at 5gs.
Waxy, at Lewes, Sussex, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.
Whiskey, at Great Barton, Suffolk, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.
Worthy, at Newmarket, at 10gs, and 10s. 6d.
Young Eclipse, at Benham, near Newbury, Berks, at 20gs, and 10s. 6d.

Young

Young Sir Peter, by Sir Peter Teazle, at Benham, near Newbury, Berks, at 2gs, and 5s.
Zechariah, at Shipton, near York, at 3gs, and 5s.

BONE SPAVIN, &c.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE horse of a friend of mine having cut himself very badly in leaping a hedge, the wound healed with a very large and ugly callous. He was advised to rub it with nitrous acid diluted to a certain degree, till the callous was partly reduced; and then with the acid still more diluted—This has perfectly succeeded. I saw the horse before using the nitrous acid, and I have since seen him, and found the callous quite removed, and the scar much lessened, though there does remain a mark like a scratch. I am sorry that I cannot now give you the proportions, but I shall, at a future opportunity.

I must also take the liberty of mentioning to you, that a horse of my own was very lame from a bone spavin, and had been so for nearly two years. I had a very great value for him, and kept him, though of little use. My groom undertook to remove the excrescence on the bone, in which he partly succeeded, though some protuberances still remained, after the operation of firing. The horse, however, has been perfectly sound for above a year and a half, and has been constantly used as a charger.

Your's &c.

BRIMBER CRACK.

HOW TO LIVE!

AFTER A DUCAL RECIPE.

IF the Duke of Q—— does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for want of culinary comforts, and those other succulent arts by which longevity is best promoted. His Grace's sustenance is thus daily administered:

At seven in the morning he regales in a warm milk bath, perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his coffee, and a buttered muffin, and afterwards retires to bed;—he rises about nine, and breakfasts on *caffé au lait*, with new laid eggs, just parboiled;—at eleven he is presented with two warm jellies and rusques;—at one he eats a veal cutlet, *a la Maintenon*;—at three, jellies and eggs repeated;—at five, a cup of chocolate and rusques;—at half after seven he takes a hearty dinner from high seasoned dishes, and makes suitable libations of claret and Madeira;—at ten, tea, coffee, and muffins;—at twelve sups off a roasted poulet, with a plentiful dilution of lime punch;—at one in the morning he retires to bed in high spirits, and sleeps till three, when his man cook, to the moment, waits upon him in person with a hot and savoury veal cutlet, which, with a potation of wine and water, prepares him for his further repose, that continues generally uninterrupted till the morning summons to his lactean bath.

In this routine of living comforts, are the four-and-twenty hours invariably divided;—so that if his Grace does not know, with Sir Toby Belch, "that our life is composed of the four elements,"—he knows at least, with Sir Andrew Ague Cheek, "that it consists in eating and drinking!"

PROPOSED

PROPOSED ADDRESS TO OLD BACHELORS.

By a Society of Old Maids.

IT has long been the custom of the would-be-witty writers, to give a peculiarity of character and manners to old maids and bachelors, that is often false, and always illiberal and invidious, and that merits censure and reproof. Old maids and bachelors are, in all the essential qualities, passions, and propensities of the human mind, very like to other people. It is true, a singularity or two naturally attach to their manners and characters. For, as my Lord Bacon, in his essays, very justly observes, humanity and tenderness will shew themselves on something; if a man be cruel towards his fellow creatures, he is frequently seen to be merciful to beasts, and will allow no wanton cruelty to be inflicted upon them. Now, the old maid having neither husband nor child to awaken her tender sensibility, and afford pleasing opportunities of manifesting their various endearments, these amiable qualities of her natural disposition and temperament, are seen to be exerted on other objects and occasions. Hence it is that many dogs, cats, and birds, meet with a terrestrial paradise, are fostered with the most assiduous care and tenderness; never suffered to know either want or hardship of any kind, and never experience the least relaxation or diminution in attendance, kindness, or affection. Some few, however, have little of this amiableness of disposition; but where this is the case, it is easy to observe that their minds are occupied by assiduities and attention to some other object or concern. Some are slaves to cleanliness and exact order: but these being slaves themselves, we will leave them to all the enjoyment derivable from washing, scrubbing, dusting, and putting things out and into the most exact order daily.

But to return—A respectable society of venerables, with whom I am acquainted, meet twice or thrice a week; but not to talk scandal, as some would falsely insinuate, but to pass those evenings in innocent amusement, and rational conversation. Each member endeavours to please; and to that necessary and important end, each member falls in with, and seems to admire, the reigning or predominant foible of the hostess; and as each one's foible, or predominant weakness and attachment, is seen and known to the rest, it is an invariable rule for each to comply with and admire it. At one house, poor puss is fondled and caressed, her beauty and cleanliness, her docility and engaging tricks, are much admired and praised. At another, Pompey or Fidelia meet with a similar attention, and adulatory marks of respect. At a third, the birds are talked to—how beautiful their plumage, how fine, how ravishingly delightful their sweet and harmonious notes! At a fourth, there is perhaps a favourite old domestic, who has the chief management and influence over every thing, and every concern of the family—here Sally, or Susan, or Betty, is never suffered to pass unnoticed, but is spoken to with the same endearing and friendly familiarity as the mistress of the house. The article of cleanliness we pass, as it is an article attached in some degree to the whole society, and accordingly meets with greater or less demonstrations of attention and admira- tion;

tion; but where it is the reigning and principal foible, then it has suitable respects paid it.

Let it now be asked, is there in any of the above foibles, or in the sum total, any thing criminal, or that merits satire, burlesque, or witticism? Surely not. The habits and manners of the venerables are innocent, and as consistent with morality as those of other people. If the venerables are a little singular and particular in one or two points of view, these peculiarities naturally arise from their situation and circumstances. The mind and affections will operate on some object or other; and as the venerable ladies have neither husbands nor children to call forth their tender solicitudes, they all, as it were of necessity, run to other objects and pursuits.

By this time, the writer is willing to flatter himself that the reader is anxious to be introduced to this society of venerable ladies. Have a moment's patience. The door opens—Betty drops her courtesy—enter the venerable Miss Evergreen, Miss Hopestill, and Miss Goneby. Miss Spreadflag, Miss Overlookt, Miss Prim, Miss Hearty, and Miss Sagely, received them in the most elegant and amiable manner. The circle is truly impressive and engaging. The ladies chat of the weather, their domestics, their neighbours, &c. Choice and valuable old China is sported; the nicest bread and butter is handed round with the tea; every thing is in the best order; and the venerable ladies grow talkative and entertaining.

"Pray," said Miss Evergreen, addressing Miss Hearty, "have you seen your agreeable nephew since the review?"

"Yes, Madam," replied Miss Hearty, "I have; and he was in high glee and spirits, I do assure you. The corps met with the entire approbation of the Lieutenant-General, and was complimented at the conclusion of the day with the most flattering address on the soldier-like appearance and deportment of the whole company; their forwardness in military exercise and evolutions, and good order; which merited the admiration of all the numerous assembly of spectators."

"It is really very pleasing," returned the venerable Miss Evergreen, "and cannot fail of filling the hearts of all loyal and patriotic Britons with the warmest and most grateful sensations, that this our nation so freely and spontaneously pours forth her gallant sons, to arm in the defence of all that is dear to us. If we continue thus united in principles, and ready to defend, we then, surely, can have no cause of fear or alarm from the threats of an upstart bravado—one who leads on to plunder, devastation, and robbery, under the mask of justice and moderation—one who loads men with chains, want, and slavery, wherever he is suffered to fix his depredating feet, yet pretends to give freedom and equality, which are to drop from his hand as the dew of heaven."

"The loyalty and patriotism of our countrymen," said Miss Sagely, "are worthy of every demonstration of praise and honour. However, ladies, I must observe, that there seems to me a chasm in this gallant and voluntary armament—I allude to the old bachelors. They are, perhaps, neither a small nor a despicable branch of the population of this country; and as they are unburthened with wives and children, free of all the cares and embarrassments attendant on the married state, we might have expected them standing foremost in this momentous

mentous period as volunteers, ready armed and accoutred at all points, provided with every thing necessary to repulse and put to flight a daring foe. All this we might have expected from them, and that without any expenditure to government whatever. Old bachelors, ladies, are famous for prudence and economy, are well provided with money and clothing, have all the comfortable necessaries in life, and are therefore capable of becoming volunteers in every sense of the word; for they are able to volunteer not only their natural abilities and capabilities, but their domestics of every description, their horses, carriages, waggons, and carts, and their hoarded wealth. Indeed, ladies, I may surely, without arrogance, affirm, that though old bachelors and old maids may be insufficient to save the nation, they are nevertheless capable of raising it."

"There is little doubt can be entertained of your hypothesis," said Miss Hearty, "were the old bachelors and old maids willing and ready to volunteer their capabilities; but the misfortune is, both the one and the other are but too apt to be selfish. Having no very tender pledges, we each of us think principally for self."

"Your remark," returned Miss Evergreen, "is but too just. Genuine disinterestedness and public spirit being rare qualities, almost every one having a near stimulant to arouse them to either great or laudable enterprises, without which the generality are inactive. We may at this time almost daily see, that, in the many impressive and patriotic addresses delivered by commandants to their respective corps, that wives and children are ranked with God and the king; or, in other words, with religion, king, and country. Now, these are cogent calls and incentives to arouse the courage of free, loyal, and gallant Englishmen. But we must, on this occasion, observe, that old bachelors have only a moiety of the above stimulants, they having neither wives nor children."

"But, my dear madam," replied Miss Hearty, "give me leave to observe, that though old bachelors are exempted from that moiety of the powerful stimulants already mentioned—wives and children—to array them in shining arms, in the just and highly necessary defence of this glorious nation, yet it is incumbent on them to arm in the defence of us, poor old maids. Our helpless condition, and alarming situation, ought to arouse their courage, and cause them to fly to the use of arms, as forcibly as wives and children do other men. For, are we not their own? From whom and through whom do we derive the odious and opprobrious appellation of Old Maids, but to the old bachelors? A witty old bachelor would probably stop me short, by observing, that they are not near so numerous as old maids, and that there cannot fall to the share of every old maid an old bachelor, to take away her reproach. But this assertion, I am inclined to believe, would, upon full and evident investigation, be found false: for, as the number of males and females, in a late account of the population of this kingdom, were ascertained to be nearly equal, so would that of old bachelors and old maids—to every hundred of the former, there would be found not more than an hundred and one or two of the latter. Now, supposing there are 30,000 old bachelors in this country, then there are, probably, 30,500 old maids. The difference, or excess, is here 500; which, comparatively speaking, is nothing. But that there should be 30,000, and upwards, of old maids in one kingdom, is

is a serious and very melancholy consideration—a consideration that calls for public concern and commiseration, but more particularly from the old bachelors, who stand the latent source of this calamity."

"According to your account," said Miss Sagely, "we old maids are innocent, and merit no reflections whatever; yet we find that the term Old Maid, is generally accompanied with something of a sarcastic tone or look, often both—why is this? Is there any error or culpability in old maids to merit a general reflection?"

"None, my dear Madam," answered Miss Hearty; "but, on the contrary, there is much to admire in their conduct: nor are the old bachelors without some actions that merit admiration and practice. In the first place, old maids and bachelors are great economists, and are frequently seen to be more careful and thoughtful of the rising generation than those who have a numerous offspring. In fact, we seem as though apprehensive that our nephews and nieces should mourn immoderately at our demise, and, to assuage violent grief, we hoard up money, clothes, and provisions; have our houses well furnished, and stored with every requisite necessary, convenient, and ornamental; which things cleanse the heart of sorrow, and wipe all tears from the eyes. These virtues, you will say are observable in some people of all ranks and orders, and do not mitigate any of the reflections cast on those who are grown old in celibacy. But what reflections and sarcasms soever may be cast on the old bachelors, I shall maintain that there are none due to old maids; because, ladies, you will please to observe, that we are standing in a predicament similar to that of poor old cuckolds, who suffer not for what they themselves have done, but for what others do. Had the old bachelors made us an offer of their hands and hearts, we had accepted them, and should now rank among the grave, amiable wives and matrons, and, probably, mothers."

"Permit me, Madam," said Miss Prim, drawing herself a little more to the perpendicular, "to remark, that you should have given your last assertions in the singular number; since it is so highly probable that we should not each of us have proved an easy and willing conquest to any offers made by old bachelors."

"I entreat, ladies," returned Miss Hearty, "that you take no umbrage at my candidly speaking my own sentiments. I look to my own heart, and its propensities, and judge of others by what passes there; and were I as well persuaded that the French tyrants and plunderers would invade this country with success, as I am of our yielding to a siege of the matrimonial kind, I should not sleep one wink this fortnight."

"You are a dear, lively creature," said the venerable Miss Evergreen; and I believe that you have developed the hearts and inclinations of the whole body of stayed virgins. For my own part, I must declare, that I have survived by hope near seventy years, and will not now, though in my ninety-fifth year, have the temerity to assert that I should cordially refuse an agreeable offer of entering the hymeneal state."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Prim—"why, you have seen almost a complete century! Your declaration really astonishes me."

"But it charms me," replied Miss Hearty, "for its ingenuousness. Miss Evergreen exhibits the visible marks of many years well spent;

spent; and her so ingenuously owning them, adds much to her honour and already reputable character. Then her candidly acknowledging the prevailing passion of the human heart, raises her something above female frailties. How beautifully just has my favourite poet, Mr. Pope, drawn the prevailing passion of various characters!"

"For Heaven's sake," said Miss Overlookt, "I beg a truce with your quotations; for I perceive what you are about. I want my revenge: at our last meeting, that sweet bewitching fellow, Pam, was a very truant; not once the whole evening could I set eyes on him in my own hand."

"Indulge me one minute," said Miss Hearty, "and hear how sweetly my moral philosopher sings in pleasing numbers——"

Here, in making a long quotation, she was interrupted.

"For Heaven's sake," said Miss Prim, "tell us why you have proceeded in this manner?"

"That question," replied Miss Evergreen, "you need not to have asked, since the quotation fully evinces that the ruling passion will adhere to the last hour of life, and shews, by parity of reason, that we unmarried females shall think of, and hope for, husbands, to our last puff. A notable scheme," continued the facetious old lady, "this instant strikes me—You, Miss Hearty, shall draw up an Address to Old Bachelors, pointing out their obligations to volunteer their every ability in the defence of old maids, and the liberty of the nation, and we will each of us sign it."

"A notable scheme, indeed," said Miss Spreadflag; "and could we persuade them to comply with such their obligation, I should then hope that the bustle of the field, and intercourse with various characters, might cure them of their fears and reservation, and so dispose them for the more comfortable enjoyments which arise from love, and mutual engagements."

"Little doubt can be made of that," replied Miss Overlookt. "But depend upon it, that the old bachelors will have their excuse ready, to avoid expence, trouble, and danger."

"I shall admit of no excuses," returned Miss Hearty, "since they are not admissible in the present case. The war, thank Heaven, is a foreign one; and, therefore, the old bachelors can have few or no conscientious motives for with-holding their assistance towards its glorious termination. If it were a civil war, then indeed some of them might reasonably seem averse to act in it, justly apprehending an encounter with a spirited, hot-headed youth, to whose existence they had, in their youthful days, contributed."

"Well, ladies," said Miss Sagely, "if you please, we will wave this subject for to-night, and repair to the card-table. I have seen several of the company looking impatiently towards it. To-morrow Miss Hearty may retiredly muse upon and draw up the address."

REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

RICHARD SOUTH lately died at Threckingham, in Lincolnshire. When only six years of age, for a wager laid by his father, he carried twenty stone weight, and increased in stature and strength until he was twelve, after which he became like other people. His father, a taylor, who died about two years since, aged 97, had seven wives, all of whom he survived, and followed his business till he was 80.

DUEL.

DUEL.

LORD CAMELFORD & MR. BEST.

With the Death of the former.

Continued from p. 300 of last Volume.

CORONER's INQUEST.

AN inquest was taken on Monday morning, March 12, at the White Horse, Kensington, before George Hodgson, Esq. his Majesty's Coroner for the county of Middlesex, on view of the body of Thomas Pit Lord Camelford.

The jury, after having heard the Coroner's charge, proceeded to Mr. Ottey's, Little Holland-house, where the deceased lay. Upon examining the body, there appeared a wound immediately below the right shoulder, which was evidently the cause of his Lordship's death.—The jury returned to hear the evidence.

James Sheers, gardener to Lord Holland, stated, that previous to the transaction he was about to relate, he had no personal knowledge of the deceased. On Wednesday morning last, he was at work at Lord Holland's, digging in the shrubbery, when he heard the report of two pistols. He told the man at work with him, one John Murray, that he thought it was a duel. He ran down to the pales adjoining the field, and saw the smoke in the second field, about ten yards distance from the hedge, and nearly 300 yards from him. He observed the deceased, Lord Camelford, lying on the ground, and a person, his second, supporting him. The witness ran down, and there were two other gentlemen coming from Lord Camelford. He went to the gap, and saw the deceased lying—he was then only fifteen yards from him: the same gentleman was still supporting him, and begged of the witness to come to his assistance.—The witness called through the hedge to the rest of the men, his fellow labourers, and desired them to stop the gentlemen. They went in pursuit of them, but did not stop them. The deceased begged very hard of the witness to assist him: accordingly he took hold of the cape of his coat, and the gentleman who had been supporting him, ran for a surgeon, and left him with the deceased. Soon after surgeon Thomson came, the deceased asked the witness why he called out to stop the gentlemen? to which he replied, that he wished to stop them, as he did not know what had been the matter. Lord Camelford hereupon observed, that he did not wish to have them stopped—that he was the aggressor—that he forgave the gentleman who had shot him, and he hoped God would forgive him too. In five or six minutes John Irons and several other persons came to his assistance. The witness asked the deceased whether he knew his friend, or any of the opposition party? and the answer was, "that he knew nothing, for he was a dead man." The remainder of Lord Holland's gardeners, with Mr. Johnson, the head gardener, and Mr. Thomson's son, came up. A chair was sent for, and the deceased was put in it, and carried to Mr. Ottey's. The witness got the deceased up stairs, and helped him to bed; his neckcloth was taken off, and his shirt pulled over, when he appeared to have received a wound in his right shoulder. The witness went to town for Mr. Holmes, the surgeon, of Sackville-street, Piccadilly. He saw no pistols, nor any fire arms at all.

Geo. Robinson, chief gardener at Holland-house, said he had no knowledge of the deceased, or any of

of the parties. He saw the gentlemen walking in the field where Lord Camelford fell, on Wednesday morning last, about a quarter before eight o'clock; they were at the top of the field; there were four gentlemen between three and four hundred yards distance from him. Several persons were with the witness. At first they saw them walking in the field; then they heard the report of one pistol, and afterwards of another, at the interval of two or three seconds. They saw the smoke, and perceived one gentleman fall. Two of the gentlemen ran up to him. The witness met those two gentlemen coming up the field. They spoke to him, and desired him for God's sake to go and assist the wounded gentleman. He went to the place, and found Lord Camelford on the ground, and Sheers lifting him up. He assisted in taking him to Mr. Ottey's. He could distinguish, from the spot on which they stood, that the deceased fired first. They stood at the distance of thirty paces, which, on being measured, proved to be exactly twenty-nine yards. It was easy to ascertain the distance, because he saw where Lord Camelford fell, and at twenty-nine yards off he could plainly observe the mark of his antagonist's heels in the dew. The deceased did not say any thing about the affair in the hearing of the witness. He knew nothing of the gentlemen present, never having seen them before.

Mr. Simon Nicholson, surgeon, of Sackville-street, stated, that on Wednesday morning last he was called on to attend the deceased, who had received a small wound on the right side of his chest, near the shoulder, which appeared to have been made by the ball of a gun or pistol. The deceased complained of considerable pain in the chest, and violent shooting pains from his chest to his back, particularly when he spoke. He also complained of a pain in his lower extremities, from which the witness supposed the ball had passed through the lungs, and lodged in the spine. The deceased never recovered the use of his lower extremities, but languished till Saturday evening last, about eight o'clock, when he expired. The witness opened the body, and discovered that the ball had fractured the fifth rib, and had passed through the right lobe of the lungs, and lodged in the passage of the spinal marrow through the sixth vertebra of the back bone. In the chest there were above six quarts of extravasated blood, which had compressed the lungs so as to prevent them from performing their functions.

No further evidence was offered to the jury.

Mr. Hodgson, the coroner, said, his duty called upon him to make but very few observations. It was evident the deceased had been killed by a shot fired at him by some person, of whose identity the jury had no direct or admissible proof. The laws of this country admitted of no excuse for one man killing another in a private duel; but supposing the person who had slain the deceased to be able, before a superior tribunal, to offer circumstances and facts in palliation of his offence, they could not have any weight on this inquest. He had, strictly speaking, been guilty of murder, and to that effect must necessarily be the verdict of the jury. In the present case there was no doubt of the deceased having been feloniously killed; but there was no evidence who was the principal, or who were the seconds. In point of fact, all were equally guilty; for, in the crime of murder, accessories before the fact

were

were considered as principals. He did not see it was possible to refer the death of Lord Camelford to accident, for there was positive proof that he had fallen by the hand of some person; therefore the jury had no alternative but that of saying he had been killed by some person or persons unknown. There was hardly a doubt but the expressions and avowal of the deceased, so honourably made in favour of his opponent, would, if the latter were arraigned in a superior court, induce his acquittal; but that was a consideration which ought not to operate on the minds of those he was addressing. Had the parties been in a room, and upon a sudden quarrel, the deceased (having given the first provocation) had been killed, it might have been justifiable homicide; but, on the contrary, it appeared they had deliberately gone out to commit an unjustifiable act. Had it been proved who the person was who fired the shot at the deceased, the jury would have been bound to have returned an identical charge of murder against him, and those who were aiding and abetting him; but as the case stood, they could only pronounce the verdict to which he had alluded.

The jury declared themselves perfectly satisfied.

Mr. Wilson, the secretary to the Lord Chancellor, and solicitor for the noble relatives of the deceased, declared on their part, that he was as well satisfied as the jury, with the impartiality of the investigation, and the very candid and honourable manner in which the Coroner had pointed out their duty to them on the occasion.

The jury unanimously returned a verdict of "wilful murder," or, "felonious homicide," by some person or persons to the jurors unknown.

Several gentlemen, friends of the deceased, attended this inquest, which was held at a very early hour of the morning.

THE PAMPHLET.

AN authentic account of the late unfortunate death of Lord Camelford; with an extract from his will, and some remarks upon his character. By the Rev. William Cockburne, A. M. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, &c.

I HAD intended to have submitted to the world an account of all the circumstances, which I had understood to have preceded the melancholy death of Lord Camelford; but, as the Coroner's inquest sat yesterday upon the body, and returned a verdict of "wilful murder against a person or persons unknown," it becomes too delicate a subject for me to venture upon.

It would evidently be improper to influence the public mind by any communications; I trust therefore the world will excuse me, if at present I only mention, that before Lord Camelford left his lodgings on Tuesday night, the 6th instant, he inserted the following paper in his will—It was written indeed in a moment of perturbation, and is not therefore as elegant and perspicuous as his writings usually were; but it strongly marks, in my opinion, the nobleness of his disposition—

"There are many other matters which at another time I might be inclined to mention, but I will say nothing more at present, than that in the present contest, I am fully and entirely the aggressor, as well in the spirit, as in the letter of the word; should I therefore lose my life

life, in a contest of my own seeking, I most solemnly forbid any of my friends or relations, let them be of whatsoever description they may, from instituting any vexatious proceedings against my antagonist; and should, notwithstanding the above declaration on my part, the laws of the land be put in force against him, I desire that this part of my will may be made known to the King, in order that his royal heart may be moved to extend his mercy towards him."

His Lordship quitted his lodgings in Bond Street between one and two on Wednesday morning; and, as I have since heard, slept at a tavern where he was not personally known, probably with an intent of avoiding the officers of the police, whom I cannot help accusing of some want of vigilance on this occasion.

Two gentlemen of my acquaintance mentioned the intended duel to Townsend at the opera, about ten o'clock; and a regular information was lodged at Marlborough Street, by a person of credit, whom I can produce, before nine; yet, to the best of my knowledge, no steps were taken to prevent the intended meeting till near two o'clock, when some officers were placed at Lord Camelford's door, but alas! too late!

This circumstance confirms a remark which I have often heard, that the officers of English police, though they usually manifest some activity in punishing evil, seldom shew much anxiety to prevent it.

Before the fatal meeting, I have been told that several overtures were made to Lord Camelford to produce a reconciliation, but they were rejected with some obduracy. The fact was, his Lordship had an idea that his antagonist was the best shot in England; and he was therefore extremely fearful lest his reputation should suffer, if he made any concession, however slight, to such a person.

This was the probable cause of the violent language which he is reported to have used, and the principal cause of the lamented meeting.

After he fell, he is said to have expressed on the spot, what he afterwards strongly expressed to me, that he forgave his antagonist; and to the man, who was called by his second to his support, he repeated several times, that he was himself the sole aggressor.

A messenger came to me about eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, to inform me of the sad issue of the contest, and of the spot where his Lordship was left. After sending a short account to the Marquis of Buckingham, and an express to Lord Grenville—whom I supposed at Dropmore—with the afflicting news, I hastened towards the place, and found his Lordship already carried into Little Holland-house, by the generous man who owns it: Mr. Knight the surgeon, and Captain Barrie, his Lordship's most intimate friend, were by his bed-side; and Mr. Home arriving in a few minutes, we cut off his clothes; the wound was examined by the surgeons; and immediately pronounced to be mortal.

His Lordship continued in agonies of pain during the first day; towards the evening it pleased God to moderate his torture; by the help of laudanum he got some sleep during the night, and awoke in the morning much relieved. His hopes revived considerably during the second day, and he conversed with some cheerfulness. The surgeons, however, who were unremitting in their attentions, would never give his friends the slightest hopes.

He lingered free from acute pain till Saturday evening about half past eight,

eight, when he expired without a pang.

Thus died, Thomas Lord Camelford, in the prime and full vigour of life. He was a man whose real character was to the world but little known: his imperfections and his follies were often brought before the public, but the counterbalancing virtues were but seldom heard of.

Though too violent to those whom he imagined to have wronged him, yet, to his acquaintance, he was mild, and affable, and courteous: a stern adversary, but the kindest and the most generous of friends. Slow and cautious in determining upon any important step, and while deliberating, most attentive to the advice of others, and easily brought over to their opinion. —When, however, his resolutions were once taken, it was almost impossible to turn him from his purpose.

That warmth of disposition which prompted him so unhappily to great improprieties, prompted him also to the most lively efforts of active benevolence. From the many prisons in this metropolis, from the various receptacles of human misery, he received unnumbered petitions; and no petition ever came in vain. He was often the dupe of the designing and crafty suppliant, but he was more often the reliever of real sorrow, and the soother of unmerited woe. Constantly would he make use of that influence which rank and fortune gave him with the government, to interfere in behalf of those malefactors whose crimes had subjected them to punishment, but in whose cases there appeared circumstances of alleviation.

Lord Camelford was always passionately fond of science; and although his mind, when a young sailor, had been little cultivated, yet of late years he had acquired a prodigious fund of information upon almost every subject connected with literature.

The world will perhaps with difficulty believe, what however I assert from my own knowledge, that Christianity was the constant subject of his reflections, his reading, and his conversation.

In early life he had gloried much in puzzling the chaplains of those ships in which he served; and, to enable him to gain such triumphs, he had read all the sceptical books he could procure; and thus his mind became unwillingly tainted with infidelity.

As, however, his judgment grew more matured, he discovered, of himself, the fallacy of his own reasonings; and, convinced of the importance of religion, he often applied to me, and to others, for the best books he could consult upon the evidences of Christianity.

Many were the conversations I had with him on this subject, and about a week before his death he had dined with me, and staid, as was his custom, till near twelve o'clock, conversing on his favourite topic. He left me at length with this important remark, "No sensible and well-informed man can presume to assert that Christianity is false. I do not yet venture," said he, "to assert positively that it is true, but I confess the probabilities are in its favour."

After the fatal accident had happened, the first moment I found him free from agony of body, I brought this conversation to his recollection. He readily agreed with his former opinion; he expressed his hope in the goodness and mercy of God; he said, he received much comfort in reflecting, that, however he might have acted, he had never really felt ill-will towards any man.

In the worst moments of his pain, he

he cried out, that he sincerely hoped the agonies he then endured might expiate the sins he had committed. When more at ease, he desired that I would pray by him, and that he might join by saying Amen.

This mode of prayer I several times repeated during the few days it pleased God to spare him, whenever the laudanum or the pain had not so far confused him, as to render his assent equivocal.

I have dwelt, perhaps to some readers, tediously on this subject, because I have heard it asserted by some who would fain shelter their own follies under the authority of others, that Lord Camelford, after the most serious reflection, disbelieved religion, and doubted a life hereafter. I wish with all my soul, that the unthinking votaries of dissipation and infidelity could all have been present at the death-bed of this poor man; could have heard his expressions of contrition for past misconduct, and of reliance on the mercy of his Creator; could have heard his dying exhortation to one of his intimate friends, to live in future a life of peace and virtue: I think it would have made impressions on their minds, as it did on mine, not easily to be effaced.

THE body of Lord Camelford was opened on Sunday, when it appeared that the ball had passed into the right breast, between the fourth and fifth ribs, breaking the latter, and making its way through the right lobe of the lungs, into the sixth dorsal vertebra, in the substance of which it was found, having completely divided the spinal marrow. In the right side of the chest there was above six quarts of blood and serum, and the right lung was so compressed, as to be rendered entirely useless. From the time of the wound taking place, all the parts below the divided spinal marrow were motionless and insensible; and as his Lordship could not expectorate, the left lung became filled with mucus, which produced suffocation and death.

AMONG the many impertinent and ill-natured reports which this tragical event has given rise to, one of the most malevolent was yesterday brought to my knowledge. It was said that Ld. Grenville, though in London when the sad event took place, neither came nor sent to inquire after his dying relative, till the next day. The fact was as follows—

His Lordship heard, with many others, the first current report that Lord Camelford was actually dead: he understood likewise, at the same time, that I had sent an express to Dropmore with the melancholy news. Alarmed, therefore, lest the information should be too abruptly given to Lady Grenville—who was in a weak state of health—his Lordship hastened in pursuit of my messenger to Dropmore, and having there learnt that Lord Camelford was yet alive, he almost immediately returned to Little Holland-house, where he arrived in the middle of the night, and scarcely ever quitted the house afterwards, till the moment he lost his friend and relative.

Poor Lady Grenville came too, and expressed the most anxious desire to see her unfortunate and much beloved brother. The surgeons, however, thought such a meeting might be attended with fatal consequences; and her good sense getting the better of her feelings, she acquiesced in their determination, and returned to Dropmore; not, however, without manifesting the most exquisite sensibility. On Friday

day her Ladyship came again; but was again prevented from seeing her dying brother———! Her distress defies description!

Throughout all these melancholy scenes, the stoicism of the philosopher, and the apathy of the statesman, were laid aside, and Lord Grenville appeared only as the brother and the husband.

The good man of the house also sympathized with all our sorrows.—I hope that many persons would, with equal generosity, have received under their roof a dying man; but it is impossible that any should have evinced more readiness to oblige, more feeling attention to our wants, or more cheerful acquiescence in the many privations occasioned by the long occupation of the greater part of his house.——The name of this good Samaritan is OTTEY; may God bless him, and all his amiable family, for their kindness to my unfortunate friend.

(To be continued.)

FESTIVALS AND CUSTOMS, AMONG THE NORTHERN NATIONS.

On New Year's Day, &c.

IN the South and in the North of Europe, among the Roman Catholics as well as among the Lutherans and the Protestants, Christmas is kept more strict than Easter or Whitsunday. Children then receive presents from their parents, servants from their masters, friends compliment friends, and lovers are permitted to explain, in verse or prose, the cause of their sighs. Families and friends then meet together; the rich, in sumptuous repasts, in brilliant balls, in splendidly ornamented halls; whilst the poverty of garrets shares its scanty meals with the wretchedness of cellars. They all alike repeat the sacred and respectable hospitality and custom of eighteen centuries; and from the more or less simplicity of some of the usages, it may be concluded, that they originate, with little change, from the time of the apostles, when all Christians were regarded as brothers, and all shared the same tables as well as the same dangers.

Even in Protestant Germany, the Christmas customs are mostly the same with those of the Roman Catholics, except in Hanover, in the Lutheran part of Prussia, and in Holstein, where the same usages are observed by all classes of the inhabitants as only among the lower classes in England; but in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, differing little from each other, they are totally different from all other nations of Europe. In Sweden and Norway, where the winter often sets in with October, the people count every day, nay almost every hour, that approaches to Christmas, and they enjoy for months the feasting of some days. The peasants of those countries seldom taste a morsel of bread unmixed with ground bones or bark of trees, and wheaten bread never but at Christmas; dried fish, and particularly pickled herrings, are their common nourishment instead of meat, except at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday, when salted or smoked meat oftener than fish, is enjoyed.

In October, every year, beer is brewed all over the country, and chosen pieces of meat, from oxen, rein deers, or bears, are smoked, to be preserved until Christmas Eve. The dinner hour that day is eleven, and the dinner is rather a lunch. At six, the so much desired supper is upon the table, and consists of a

dish

dish of Stock-fish dressed in milk, a piece of smoked beef, or, for the poor, smoked mutton, a large rice pudding, which is eaten with cream, and with wine by the very rich; a kind of white partridge roasted—bought for a penny—is served to each person; and the supper ends with some dried fruits and small nuts. The drink is corn brandy intermixed with water, and the Christmas beer a sort of brown ale, pleasing to the palate, but heady. At this repast, all persons are dressed in their holiday clothes, and try to have something new, to be congratulated upon for their good choice, and to obtain wishes to wear it with health and prosperity.

In the middle of supper, the door is suddenly opened by a man, who has his head covered so as to be unknown, and carries a basket containing the Christmas boxes, consisting indeed of trifles, but giving more real and innocent pleasure than presents of value, which the dependant or needy receive oftener from pride and ostentation than from humanity or generosity. A prayer-book, worth one shilling and sixpence, is one of the most valuable gifts, even where the first people in the place, the collector and the fiscal, with their wives, are present. What is intended for the servants, is distributed to them by their masters and mistresses, and they appear in an instant in the room to shew it, and to make a courtesy.

During the supper, some children of the village sing several hymns in praise of the Virgin and her Son. After supper, they visit the children's chamber, illuminated with coloured candles upon a large table, containing round cakes, gingerbread, and other cakes, heaped up one upon another in a pyramidical form, one for each child, more or less high, as the conduct of the child has been during the year. Those cakes are to remain untouched until Christmas is over. Nearly the same usage prevails in Spain, Italy, and Germany, with this difference, that between those pillars of cakes is an artificial tree, containing wax figures of the Virgin, of Christ, of Joseph, &c. among the leaves. Before nine o'clock, strangers retire, and every body goes to bed. No sooner is midnight over, than a chorus of the children and servants comes to your chamber-door, and wishes you a good Christmas. At one o'clock in the morning you are called up to breakfast, and the first service begins at two.

In entering the wooden church, all painted, or rather daubed over, you see every person with one or two candles before him or her, painted in different colours and manners; all persons carrying with them their own candles and candlesticks, of the size they can afford, and the colour they like. No silver candlesticks were seen, few of other metals, but most of them of carved or gilt wood.

"The service," says our correspondent, "began with a short psalm, and then the curate's son, a young school-boy, after many bows to the congregation, placed himself before the altar, and sung, in a kind of solo, some paragraphs from a chapter in the Bible, about the birth of Christ. That done, the curate ascended the pulpit, and preached extempore for near an hour; and a psalm again finished the service. At four, another, and at six the last service began, both nearly resembling the first; and all three were over before eight o'clock in the morning. In answer to my question, why the service commenced so early? the curate told me, that the extent of the parishes, in some

parts

parts of his country, goes to thirty and forty miles, and the parishioners would not be home in time to enjoy Christmas day, the only happy day for most of them in the year, was he to detain them later. He added, this is the only holiday I am obliged to preach three extempore sermons. This custom is, however, most probably a remnant of the Roman Catholics' midnight mass.

"At our return from church, a warm beer soup, sweetened with molasses, and the beef from the supper, were offered as refreshments. At twelve o'clock we all dined with the collector, nearly in the manner we had supped, with the addition of a roasted wild fowl, of the size of a turkey, called in their language *kaeder*, of an agreeable flavour, and a pot of artificial coffee, from burned oak, dried sorrel, &c. After dinner, the collector made a small bowl of punch from arrack, containing just a wine glass of liquor for each of us. At five o'clock the supper was upon the table, and plenty of beer drank, with wishes that they might all meet again happy at another Christmas. During the whole day, and all the following days of my stay, the children of the village were singing hymns before the houses of the curate, of the collector, and of the fiscal; and these three persons continued each in turn to treat the two others and their families nearly in the same manner as on Christmas Day, only with the difference that, except on New Year's Day, every evening was finished by a dance for an hour, of their children, to the singing of their mothers, no musician being in the parish.

"At midnight, on New Year's Eve, I was again disturbed by the chorus of the children and servants, to wish me a good new year, and called to attend divine service, which began an hour later, and was over an hour earlier, than Christmas morning, and consisted only of two sermons. All the parishioners now followed their pastor to his house, where they brought him presents of butter, cheese, eggs, dried or pickled rein-deer, or bear's flesh, &c. and in return received each a glass of brandy. All of them kissed the hands of the curate's wife, and some of them even those of the curate. During that day, all persons who met shook hands or embraced each other, in wishing a good new year. The curate told me, that in the towns and cities, all classes of people visit or leave their cards on New Year's Day; and that a neglect of it is always regarded as an affront. Superiors distribute presents to their inferiors, who do the same among themselves; and masters reward the zeal or fidelity of their servants as on the Christmas Eve. In all coffee-houses and taverns, a pewter plate is placed upon the bar, where the customers put some money for the waiters, who, during the year, never demand or expect any thing from regular customers. This last usage is followed and improved upon in France, Italy, and Germany, where the waiters, in serving, offer each customer a cornet of paper, containing some sweetmeats or confectionary dainties, and expect in return a present in money.

"It was the constant custom of this good curate, not to suffer any body in his house to remain in bed after six o'clock in the morning, or to begin any work before morning prayers; the family, servants, and visitors, were all collected in the same room, and remained upon their knees until prayers were over. After supper every night, the same ceremony took place with the evening

ing prayers; and though this edifying devotion continued nearly half an hour each time, I never observed any thing but attention even in the children. Prayers of a quarter of an hour were regularly said before and after each repast; and the curate often interrupted the innocent dance of the children, by asking them to pray and sing hymns, to which they submitted with a cheerfulness which proved they had been instructed that in doing their duty to their Creator, they enjoyed the first of all earthly pleasures

"The great distance from all towns, and the few wants of the people, made every thing very cheap in this part of the country. The curate's wife often told me, that the collector must be rich, because, with three children only, he had forty rix dollars, or ten pounds in the year, whilst her husband, with half that salary, could very well bring up seven children. This good woman, when I asked her what I could do for her family, for their hospitality towards a stranger, told me, with much simplicity, that, if I could afford it, and would send her husband from Gottenburg—distant about 150 miles—a pound of good tobacco, I should make her husband as happy as a prince."

ADVICE
TO
MILITARY OFFICERS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE grand divisions of your duty are—

First, To handle the bottle with a good and ready grace.

Secondly, To intrigue with the girls without any grace at all.

Thirdly, When you leave a place, always leave something behind you.

Lastly, When you approach a place, to drive every thing before you.

The first of these duties is by some reckoned dangerous; but you must not shrink from your duty, though you should fall a victim to the fatigues of the bottle. It will be necessary for you, therefore, to study the whole art of military libation, and be perfect master of the whole manual and vocal exercise; such as, twirling a cork, inspecting the crust, calling for a toast, giving a toast, challenging with pint bumpers, or filling the constable.

On the right performance of this part of your duty depends much of that courage which your country will expect you to exhibit in the day of battle. Why is it that men are given to fighting in their cups, if not from their drinking in fresh draughts of courage, which enables them to defy even the devil himself? It is very necessary to acquire a dashing helter-skelter kind of heroism, which impels a man to fight with no matter whom, when, or where.

Again, to shew how generally the principle of drinking in military affairs is adopted, consider that our language has borrowed a set of phrases from this only. How often, for instance, do we hear gentlemen say, "charge your glasses," and also say, "our courage is out," when you know the latter means no more than the bottle is out? Happy is it, that we have acquired such skill in the philosophy of the human mind, as to be able to recruit and repair its best passions by mechanical means, and that now-a-days, a gentleman may lay in a pipe of fortitude that shall invigorate him for a twelvemonth.

The second branch of your duty

is

is "intrigue." Intrigue is necessary to you on an important account, namely, that it includes in it all the various stratagems, dangers, and manœuvres of war, and particularly is a happy emblem of that very momentous art, the art of besieging. Some towns are to be approached gradually, some to be taken by storm, and some no doubt assailed by treachery; for "tricking in love is all fair."

With respect to the mode of intriguing, I do not know that it is necessary to give you any rules. To have as many intrigues upon your hands at a time as is possible, and where you have been successful, to make it as public as you can, is one precept. Another is, to enjoin the common men to meddle with no intrigues at their quarters, without giving you notice.

I should pay a poor compliment to your courage, were I to hint that the dangers on this service are considerable. I trust you are a stranger to fear. As to fathers, uncles, brothers, and such like troublesome fellows, they may be intimidated in various ways: you may easily turn their pitch-forks against themselves, and make their horse-ponds a covering for their impertinence.

The third branch of your duty is, "When you leave a place, always leave something behind you." To the performance of this duty you will be induced from gratitude. For, where you have been well treated, it is but natural to think you would wish to make some return. The two presents commonly made on such occasions are generally Children and Debts. How the former may be procured, I have already hinted; and as, from their tender years, some perhaps not above a month old, and some not born at all, it is impossible you can take them with you, and turn majors into milk-nurses, or a battalion into a baby-house, you must of course leave them to those who may be inclined to take care of them from natural affection. Humanity also requires this; for what can be more shocking than to render a mother childless? No, leave it to foreign monsters to tear from mothers their tender offspring. Be it yours to repair the ravages of war, by cultivating the arts of population, and providing for the necessities of posterity. I have heard it said, that, "he is a patriot who makes a blade of grass grow where grass never grew before." I need not make a parody on this position, to shew that children are preferable to clover.

As to the leaving debts, the subject is so well known and understood, that I will not affront your experience, by supposing you ignorant of it. In point of fame, however, it is necessary you should leave something of this kind behind you wherever you go. For if it should happen that history is silent as to your deeds, your memory will not perish, but be recorded in black and white, in every town through which you pass. It is not material how one obtains fame. Fame is a variegated animal, full of spots and stripes, and streaks; and the credit which has been refused to a man in the day of battle, has often been granted in a bill of parcels. It sometimes happens, that a tradesman will grumble, and sometimes may really suffer; for a vintner, for example, is not paid, as an apothecary would fully be, merely by returning the empty bottles. In such a case, why cannot tradesmen take a hint from men of honour, make a bonfire of their books, and proclaim, that all their debts are "debts of honour." In this case, they would have the laws of honour to secure payment, whereas at present

sent they actually affront men of honour by their paltry demands; and, as you read in that admirable system of morality, The School for Scandal, "paying tradesmen is but encouraging them."

It is certainly a most shameful thing, that an officer intended to brave a battery of cannon, should turn pale at the sight of a bit of paper that would not stop a whistle. What would you think—how would your choler rise—if, when you had conducted some dangerous expedition; captured, for instance, a whole detachment of poultry; made a breach in the demi-bastion of a tavern; marched without fear, and without danger, through a meadow of terror-inspiring oxen; or, perhaps, had gallantly escorted, and safely conducted, a party of ladies through the perils of a farm-yard: I say, if, when you had returned victorious from these, and other like expeditions incident to your profession, you were to have your fear excited, and your laurels blasted by the vile hand of an attorney, egged on to insult you by that *discount* of human nature called a taylor! By the dignity of Mars! could you bear it,

————when you might his *quietus* make
By a bare bodkin?

I hasten to close, with remarking, that the fourth great branch of your duty is—"When you approach a place, to drive every thing before you." I shall dwell the less on this subject, as you must be convinced that it is essential to your progress, to overcome all obstacles, and inspire a proper terror in all beholders. I would have you, therefore, to regard as trifles, corn-fields, farmers' yards, broad-wheeled waggons, and detachments of gleaners or hop-pickers. The military road has, time out of mind, been a deviation from the highway, though apparently leading to it.

I have now offered you a few hints on some of the most material parts of your service. Time will not permit to enlarge upon all of them, and you know enough naturally to render that unnecessary. I have said nothing, for instance, on gaming, because you may soon be inoculated in that disorder, if you have it not the natural way. I have likewise said nothing on betting; but, by the way, I would not have you bet upon such things as battles abroad, and sea-fights, for these are generally so artfully misrepresented by both parties, that it becomes as difficult to know who gains the bet, as who gained the battle. No; I would have your bets turn on objects more important, and within your observation; such as, the race of a pair of maggots from a filbert; the colour of your landlady's garters; two to one that Kate Matchlock has twins; three to two that Corporal Filch is hanged within a year; five to one you don't produce a soldier who can say the Lord's prayer, &c. &c. These are not only important in themselves, but equally so as affording materials for rational and improving conversation.

One thing yet remains, which it would be unpardonable to pass by. I suppose you have already been looking for it, and guess I mean an "affair of honour," *alias* duelling. This would require a copious treatise, and therefore I will be brief, and confine myself principally to one topic—the causes of duelling. Now, as no challenge can, according to the laws of honour, be refused, I hope that you will select such causes as may appear dignified, and becoming your character; such as the fleetness of a horse, or the flightiness of a woman. I mean no

disrespect to either of these personages by classing them together; but I am vindicated in my arrangement, from a consideration of the causes of above a hundred duels which have happened in my time, and which puzzle me very much to find where the seat of honour really is.

I will now take my leave, wishing you health and happiness, and a glorious retreat to the mansions of peace, when the "dogs of war" shall be again chained; when you shall pare down your spontoons to walking-sticks, shoot nothing but partridges with your fusils, and beat your swords into carving knives.

CHARLES CARBONADE.

April 5th.

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.

IN the church of Battersea, Surry, is a mural monument to the memory of Sir Edward Winter, an East India Captain in the reign of Charles II. of whom it is related, that, being attacked in the woods by a tiger, he placed himself by the side of a pond, and, when the tiger flew at him, he caught him in his arms, fell back with him into the water, got upon him, and kept him down till he had drowned him.

This adventure, as well as another wonderful exploit, is vouched for by the following lines inscribed on the monument—

Alone, unarm'd, a tiger he opprest,
And crush'd to death the monster of a beast:
Thrice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew,
Singly on foot! some wounded, some he slew,
Dispers'd the rest—What more could Sampson do?

UNNOTICED PECULIARITY IN DOGS, FINDING TRUFFLES, &c.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE lately discovered a property in dogs, which I never saw mentioned by any naturalist, nor yet even noticed by any one but myself; but for the truth of which I can, if necessary, produce several witnesses. About two years ago, I had a terrier bitch, which brought six whelps; five of them were immediately drowned, and the sixth was left to be nurtured by the mother till it could walk, when it was removed to a farm-house at about a mile distant, to which the bitch was continually going with her master. At most of these visits, I considered she had eat something on her way that had made her sick, for she invariably threw up, every time I called; but upon attending to her more carefully, whenever she got a hearty meal at home, she would trot off to the farm, and disgorge what she had eat before her whelp, and which he always eat up with great avidity.

Not satisfied with this one instance, I tried a spaniel bitch about half a year ago, in the same way, and found her daily practise the same thing; and which I suppose is not confined to my dogs only, but pervades the whole breed.

This mode of the bitch feeding her whelps, seems never yet to have been noticed by any author, and may call out the remarks of some of your correspondents.

Being on the subject of dogs, I should be glad to know what kind of dogs is used for finding truffles, how they are trained, and in what manner

manner this sport—if I may so call it—is followed. No such thing is practised in this part of the kingdom; and the only account I ever read of it is in Chambers, which is rather too short to be satisfactory.

CINCINNATUS.

Bloxwick, April 4.

SOUTHAMPTON.

A Ramble to the Domain of that excellent Sportsman, Edward Horne, Esq. at Mount Bevois; and Portswood House, the Seat of General Stibbert—Short Description of the Town of Southampton—Strictures upon the Decorations of the Bar, or first Entrance—Eulogium on the Place generally; with a Retreat to North Stoneham, once the Abode of Lord Hawke—Remarks on the Monument of that brave Naval Commander; with a traditionary Anecdote respecting him.

Hold, ruffian! hold! correct thy wanton will;
These are the works of art, perform'd with skill:
In one loose moment, you those gems destroy,
Taste loves to treasure, monarchs to enjoy.
Hence, then, confounder, vanish from the view;
This, Phidias sculptur'd; that, Corregio drew.

IN my last, we stopped a while together at the good-natured Mrs. Diaper's, passed the Itchin, and landed at the Cross-house; walked over the meadows to the beach of Canutus, and parted at the south entrance to the port of Southampton. I shall now take you up at the north, and, in my way, make you acquainted with such things as present themselves to an inquisitive traveller.

The town of Southampton, by the winding of its waters, is nearly insulated; so that, on the land-side, there is but one main entrance. At this place I commence my observations on the scenery, the borough, and its beauties.

About twelve miles south of Winchester, from an ample common, we enter the Tole-gate, and proceed through a grove of lofty elm trees, a delightful shelter from the brow-tanning Phœbus. Before I entered the town, I turned from this avenue, with a desire to press the velvet covering of Mount Bevois, the domain of that old and excellent sportsman, Edward Horne, Esq. late the property of General Sir John Mordaunt. The approach to this earthly paradise is a noble lofty stone gateway; at each extremity is a small colonade, once adorned with two beautiful marble figures, representing Spring and Summer; but the rude hands of savage barbarity has not left upon them a trace for admiration. The moment I beheld these so mutilated statues, my indignation was not to be repressed. "Good Heaven!" I cried, "shall gentlemen lavish their fine taste, and property, for the wanton entertainment of ferocious tigers, in the shape of human creatures? Alas! here is an evidence to answer the inquiry." From this and other circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that the temples of the Arts and the Graces are so securely shut from vulgar gratifications. The cautious owners cannot be accused of a want of liberality, for denying admittance to their domains till they are fully acquainted with the quality of those who seek for entertainment.

After a short winding walk, I entered the mansion on Mount Bevois, celebrated for its internal beauties and conveniences. In the

 front

front parlour, I found four good marble statues—Bacchus, Apollo, Diana, and Meleager—with a picture, said to be original portraits of Columbus and his sons; but it forcibly strikes me to be a copy from something better in its execution. It has lately been engraved by Mr. Bartolozzi, and published as a frontispiece to a volume of Travels, sold by Mr. Stockdale of Piccadilly. Mr. Horne has, besides, some very valuable Roman remains, one of which, an altar-piece, I send for your amusement, being, I know, very ingenious in the investigation of such sort of ancient monuments, &c.

Adjoining the parlour, is an ample orangery, well stocked with productive trees; and, by the great judgment of the gardener, you see at one view, the bud, full-blown flower, and the green and the ripe fruit; which, together with the incomparable fragrancy, puts us in mind of those delightful groves on the coast of Portugal, or on the Italian banks of the Mediterranean.

The tasteful distribution of the grounds about Mount Bevois, is truly enchanting. The various cooling coverts, made almost fascinating by the songs of innumerable spring birds, are perfectly desirable for the retirement of the lover. The noise, the bustle of society, is soon forgotten here; the pursuits of fashionable follies are little thought on; and the mind, collected within itself, may either unbend to philosophy, or from cares find a Lethe. The sudden vistos, terminated by some well-known stationary object, the flowery dells, the opening lawns, the winding alleys, for shade and study, with here and there a well-disposed statue, combining with the valuable exotics, inspire the soul with sentiments above vulgar comprehension. Before all, here is one aisle—if I may so call it—that surpasses every thing of the kind I have seen in my travels. At the entrance, it has the appearance of the interior of the most magnificent cathedral; for it is arched over with the branches of the loftiest trees, whose bodies are so disposed as to exhibit the sublime pillars of the abbey: and this is terminated with a beautiful marble Mausoleum, of a triangular form, erected by General Sir John Mordaunt, in grateful remembrance of his uncle, the Earl of Peterborough, and thus inscribed—

LIBERTATIS . PATRIÆ . VINDEX .
VALENTIÆ . DOMITOR .
CONSILIIS . ET . ARMIS . INCLYTUS .
REBUS . FORTITER . CELERITER .
FELICITER . GESTIS .
HÆC . IN . PARVA RURA SECESSIT
HÆC . MORICUS . COLEBAT.

Here are other walks, dignified by the name of Pope's Walks. These are indeed inspiring. At the very entrance of them, the rural Muse came tripping with her modest mein, tricked out in all her sylvan elegance, and tempted me to sing of vernal beauties. It was in these sequestered shades, our British poet composed his ethic epistles, a longer series of which he intended the public. But Pope was snatched from us too soon for the accomplishment of his liberal intention. How much is it to be lamented, that the existence of an ingenious

genious man should be thus circumscribed! He has barely laid in a little stock of knowledge, and formed the resolution to promote with it the good of others, when the cold hand of death steals upon him, balks all his virtuous propositions, and wraps him in the silent robe of eternity!

Sometimes I conceived myself walking in the footsteps of the poet; and when I sat me in the seat where he was wont to arrange his tuneful compositions, I could not help impressing my tablet with the record of my peaceful feelings, and sang to the friendly spirits of the air, the dictates of the pastoral Muse.

POPE'S RETREAT.

TO courtly haunts, at midnight hour,
 Let gaudy fops incline;
Here, within this vernal bow'r,
 Be calmer pleasures mine.
Beside the bush that bears the rose,
 Inwove with woodbine sweet,
Here let me rural lays compose,
 In Pope's divine retreat.

Of Nature's bounties let me sing,
 How rolls the varied year;
Of ev'ry bird that loves the spring,
 And glads the tuneful ear.
Here, let me tell what truth sublimes;
 Here, pity man's deceit;
And hang around my moral rhymes,
 In Pope's divine retreat.

Let me, O! let me sing beside
 The rustic's low-cap'd cot,
Of streams that over pebbles glide,
 And ev'ry mossy grot;
The distant spires, that bright appear
 Where Anton's waters meet;
Of Bevois Mount, to quiet, dear,
 And Pope's divine retreat.

If not so lofty mounts my theme,
 As his who wakes my song,
Let it at least be worth esteem,
 And charm the village throng.
And thou, sage Horne, the manor's lord,
 The lays shall surely greet,
That tell thy worth, thy taste record,
 In Pope's divine retreat.

But see, the day withdraws its light;
 While Phœbe cheers the plain,
Let me the evening song unite
 With Philomela's strain:
Then homeward take the bloomy way,
 Where friends to quiet meet,
And sing the pleasures of the day,
 In Pope's divine retreat.

Below these walks, in a small dell, opening to a far-extended horizon, a figure now presents itself, canopied with outstretching boughs, and consecrated to Universal Nature. It stands upon a low pedestal, under which murmurs the clear waters of a spring; while the surrounding objects give a peculiar solemnity to the whole. The figure is as finely sculptured as any thing extant of Grecian or of Roman elegance. Her head supports the sun and the moon, and her form is covered with distended paps; from these to her knees issue a great variety of imperfect creatures—the bull, the ram, and others of a prolific kind. Her arms are extended, and on each rests a lion. In brief, here fontal Nature is represented in the attitude she is made to assume when she thus addressed Apuleius—

"Behold, Lucius! moved with thy supplications, I am present! I, who am Nature, the Parent of Things, Queen of all Elements, Initial Progenitor of Ages, the greatest of divinities, Queen of departed Spirits, the first of the celestials, and the uniform appearance of Gods and Godesses, who rules by my nod the luminous lights of the heavens, the salubrious breezes of the sea, and the deplorable silence of the infernal regions, and whose divinity—in itself but ONE!!!

—is

—is venerated by all the earth, according to a multiform shape, various rites, and different appellations. Hence the primitive Phrygians call me Pessinuntia, the Mother of the Gods; the native Athenians, Cecropian Minerva; the floating Cyprians, Paphian Venus; the arrow-bearing Cretans, Dictynnian Diana; the three tongued Sicilians, Stygian Proserpine; and the inhabitants of Eleusis, the ancient goddess Ceres. Some, again, have invoked me as Juno, others as Bellona, others as Hecate, and others as Rhamnusia; and those who are enlightened by the immerging rays of the rising sun, the Ethiopians, Arii, and Egyptians, powerful in ancient learning, who reverence my divinity with ceremonies perfectly proper, call me by a true appellation, Queen Isis."

From this dell the visitor is conducted through a visto, to look down on a clump of trees. And now the landscape opens with astonishing beauty. The spires of Southampton, the almost surrounding waters, the New Forest, terminated with the Isle of Wight, and a thousand moving objects, contribute to make the mind tranquillized beyond the ordinary course of human feeling; nor can it quit the station, without admiring, in the most respectful manner, the liberality of the friendly owner; wondering, at the same time, how men can be found so monstrous in their manners, as to deface the smallest effort of his genius.

Through a very romantic copse, I was conducted to the delightful grounds of Bellemount, or Portswood House, the seat of General Stibbert, a noble and well built white mansion, with two extensive wings, elevated at the head of a fine natural sheet of water, commanding an ample view of the New Forest, and over the Solant, to the High Downs of the delectable Vecta.

The interior beauties of this princely retreat are innumerable. Among a charming collection of pictures from the best masters, is particularly to be noticed, a storm, and a town on fire, by Vernet; a Claude, invaluable; and a most perfect portrait of the great Milton, by Janson. These are great acquisitions. Those four shooting-pieces, by our own countryman, Stubbs, are here, from which Woollett has favoured the public with engravings, equal to the best of his performances. They are proof impressions, and placed exactly beneath the subjects from whence they were taken, as if intended to transmit the merits of the painter and engraver in uniformity, down the lasting current of time; or, as examples to awake to emulation the exertions of rising genius.

To look on this lily of the hill, a stranger would naturally suppose it the resort of all the pleasures, the seat of contentment, and the temple of peace. But, alas! if I am informed right, contentment has but little to do in these walks, the pleasures have their haunts without the fences of Portswood; and, instead of the temple of peace, the cave of Polyphemus is here. Here happiness never enters, and the key of Morocco slavery, is every night turned upon an unfortunate but guilty beauty, though many years have elapsed since the occurrence of the event that caused her sorrow. The tale continues to be thus related—

"When war had raised his bloody banner, and the youth of England were in arms, Polyphemus left the birth place of Sir Bevois, for that far distant climate where the Ganges rolls his waters rapid

rapid to the Arabian sea, and left behind him, with much regret, the youthful wife of his bosom, exposed to those temptations to which a warm fancy seldom fails to become a victim. Her lord's absence, and the gaiety of her own disposition, soon brought a swarm of those courtly papillions, who, heedless of honour, seek for gratifications which too often end in misery, and are only silent in the grave.

"The rose the carrion fly attracts,
As well 's the honey bee."

"Messalina fell; and her fault was too public to be smothered by concealment. Her injured husband returned to his home, expecting those domestic comforts to which he had been long a stranger. He learned her fault, and his distresses were doubled. Revenge succeeded love. Polyphemus determined not to discard the offender, but to seek his vengeance by a new kind of torment, a punishment that sinks deeper into the soul of a high-spirited woman than poverty, or even the certainty of death itself. In this splendid abode, Polyphemus confined his frail beauty to her cell, and then took a mistress to preside at his table, and perform all the offices of Messalina, the key of whose appartment was every night delivered to the new favourite, and from whence she could not emerge without her knowledge and consent."

With all his fine house, his riches, and paradisaical haunts, what a singular association of miseries must surround this man? He is old and infirm, and the lady of his selecting only grateful for a support, while the imprisoned Messalina is waiting with impatience for that dissolution which will once more restore her to the arms of liberty.

Having paid a visit to Northam, on the Itchin, where ships of considerable burthen are built for the crown, I strayed, by a rural way, to the entrance of Southampton. Bellevue, the property of Mr. Chambers, is a station for a divinity. Nearly opposite, is the Polygon, a mass of building very incomplete, for want of the *primum mobile*; however, it has certainly the advantages of quietness and a salubrious air.

The whole street above the bar is charming to the eye, wide and capacious, and well inhabited by gentry, and persons of distinction; but on approaching the bar, or town-gate, sensations of a less pleasing nature are apt to arise; disgust and indignation follow, and fix in the mind an opinion not very favourable to the corporation. Beside the two vile portraits of Sir Bevois, and his huge friend, Ascapart, are two horrid monsters, sitting on their breech, supporting the honours of Southampton. They are brick-dust-coloured dogs, but called lions.

The front of the town bar, next the high-street, has as little to recommend it to the attention of the traveller, as that before mentioned.

Here is a figure, called Queen Anne, so contemptible in its fashion, that I may venture to affirm, in point of delineation, we have devoured, when we were boys, finer figures in gingerbread. But leaving these to time and taste to improve, the high-street of Southampton has many beauties to recommend it. The numerous and brilliant shops equal any thing of the kind in the metropolis; and their windows, for fashion, continually display

Caps, pins, perfumery, and all the toys
Which female vanity, or whim, enjoys:
Let female vanity enjoy them still;
What gives to commerce wings?—The well paid bill!

The

The inns are numerous, and remarkable for excellent accommodation. The landlords are reasonable in their charges, and polite and attentive; so that a traveller may find himself as much at home in Southampton, as in any part of the kingdom. The market is ample, and well stocked with every comfort.

In Horne Street, they have a very decent theatre, conducted by a respectable manager; and every sort of entertainment is here, to gratify the gay, the moral, or the courtly.

The passage boats for the Isle of Wight quit the quay every tide, fitted up with all the convenience we can desire; and horses, of the best description, are to be had at all times, and on the shortest notice. The town has five churches; the streets well paved; and, above all, a well-regulated police. In short, every comfort is to be found in Southampton that can gratify the rational.

Before I close my letter, I have to inform you, that this morning I paid a visit to Stone, in this neighbourhood, where there is an excellent park, well stored with deer, belonging to John Fleming, Esq. I got admittance to the parish-church, where I beheld a very excellent monument to the memory of that illustrious commander, Lord Hawke, who always manifested a great partiality for this charming spot.

The battle with Conflans is finely executed, by Mr. Moor of London, from a picture painted by Dominic Seres; and the tablet is inscribed—

DOM.
This Monument is sacred to the Memory of
EDWARD HAWKE,
Lord Hawke, Baron Towton, in the County of York,
Knight of the Bath, Admiral and Commander of the Fleet,
Vice Admiral of Great Britain, &c.

The bravery of his soul was equal to the dangers he encountered:
The cautious intrepidity of his deliberations, superior even to the conquests he obtained.
The annals of his life compose a period of naval glory unparalleled in latter times:
For whenever he sailed victory attended him.
A Prince, unsolicited, conferred on him favours he disdained to ask!!!

While I was admiring this grateful tribute to Hawke, the Cicerone of the parish told me the following story. I shall give it you in his own way.

"When I was a school-boy, my father told me this story of the noble Commander—Capt. Hawke was in such high estimation with his good old master, George II. that nothing seemed more pleasant to his Majesty than to advance the interests of so faithful a servant. Once, when there was to be promotions in the army and the navy, the king demanded to look at the lists; when reading the names of the former as they stood, and making a pause between, each had a friend to speak of his merits, except poor Major Wolfe. 'What,' said the king, 'is there no one to speak for Wolfe?' The Earl of Chesterfield, who, it seems, was no great friend to the Major, observed, that Wolfe had all the rashness of a madman. His

His Majesty, who well had weighed his worth, answered hastily, in his plain but honest way—'So much the better, my Lord; I will promote him for that, and I hope he will bite some of my Generals;'—no great compliment to those of that quality who might be present. Upon reading over the navy lists, the conduct was similar, till the king came to Hawke. All were silent. 'What,' said his Majesty, 'has Hawke done, that no one will speak for him?' The silence continued. 'Well,' rejoined the king, 'then I will speak for him: Hawke shall be my Admiral.' This coming from George II. was eulogium enough for any one; for no king ever knew better how to find out merit, or delighted more to reward it.

T. N.

CRIM. CON.

York Spring Assizes, 1804.

Before Judge Chambre and a Special Jury.

WILLIAM BECKWITH DIGHTON *v.* GEORGE WATTS, ESQ.

THE plaintiff is a surgeon and apothecary of great eminence, and resides at Northallerton; and the defendant an officer in the Third Dragoon Guards, who was stationed there on the recruiting service, in the months of May and June last. This action was brought to recover a compensation in damages for the seduction, &c. of the plaintiff's wife by the defendant. The damages were laid at Five Thousand Pounds.

Mr. Topping, as leading counsel for the plaintiff, rose and said—"My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury—I have the painful task, Gentlemen, of addressing you on the part of the plaintiff on this unhappy business. I will not at this time occupy much of your time and attention by pointing out to you the irreparable injuries my client has received from the defendant; but it becomes necessary that I should now state to you the case which will be proved in evidence. The plaintiff, Gentlemen, is a man of property, and also an eminent surgeon and apothecary at Northallerton. In 1801, he married one of the daughters of Mr. Swift of Beal House; they, in June 1802, had a child. The defendant is an officer in the 3d regiment of Dragoon Guards; and came upon a recruiting party to Northallerton in the last spring. The defendant, Gentlemen, then sought, and too unhappily succeeded, in seducing the affections, and prostituting the person, of the plaintiff's wife. The defendant has planted a dagger in my client's breast, which force cannot extract; and inflicted a wound, which time cannot heal. He married her from love: they lived happily, and with the good opinion of every body, till the alienation of her affection took place by the conduct of the defendant. It was brought on, while the husband was absent from necessity on the duties of his profession, as an apothecary, in the country; a profession which obliged him to be frequently absent, day after day, in assisting and relieving the distresses of others. Gentlemen, when once females overstep the bounds prescribed by the laws of God and man, it is impossible to know the limits of their aggressions; it happens, God knows, too generally, that they are extensive. Such is the situation now of Mrs. Dighton: she has sunk too deeply into vice. But, Gentlemen, this is the effect of the base and infamous conduct

duct of the defendant; and therefore your verdict, I trust, will inflict upon him a heavy punishment. Gentlemen, I shall not attempt to disgust your feelings, or make an unnecessary repetition of that which must be offensive to the ears of every virtuous mind. I shall therefore prove one act of adultery only, resting myself perfectly satisfied, that then I shall have proved enough to entitle me to your verdict, and ample damages from the defendant, whom I am instructed to say, is a man of fortune and considerable expectations."

The Rev. George Davison, brother-in-law to the plaintiff, was the first witness called. He proved that he solemnized the marriage between the plaintiff and Miss Ann Swift, at the parish church of Thornton-le-street, on the 11th of June, 1801; and also proved, that the plaintiff's wife had one child, a son, since their marriage. The witness stated, that he was upon the most intimate terms with Mr. Dighton, and from being frequently at the house of the plaintiff's father, where the plaintiff and his wife resided for the first year after their marriage, he had many opportunities of witnessing their conduct to each other; he said they appeared to live happily together; that he always perceived the kindest affection and regard shewn by the plaintiff to his wife, and the same affection and regard from her towards the plaintiff. He stated, that he lived nearly thirty miles distant from them since their marriage; that he thought the plaintiff to be about twenty-six years of age, and his wife about twenty two; she was a very handsome woman, and he never saw any thing improper in her conduct.

Upon being cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant Cockell, the witness said, that he had dined with the plaintiff and his wife since they had removed to their own house, but had not been so much in the habit of seeing them since he and his wife left his father's house.

Robert Wilson was next called on. He stated himself to be servant to Mr. Richard Thompson, innkeeper, of Northallerton, in June last; and that he lived directly opposite to the house of the plaintiff. He said, that one night, about eleven o'clock, as he was standing at their door, he saw the defendant and Mrs. Dighton in conversation together for about three quarters of an hour. Mrs. Dighton was standing at the dining-room window, and the defendant on the outside, in the street. Mrs. Dighton then retired from the window, and the defendant went in at Mr. Dighton's entry door; the witness then suspecting that there was something improper going on, was determined to see the end of it; so went down an adjoining yard which led to the back lane; on looking through Mr. Dighton's paddock gate, he saw Mrs. Dighton and the defendant in such a situation as could leave no doubt of their criminality; that he saw them for about half an hour; was at first seven or eight yards from them, afterwards came nearer, within four or five yards, and was sure as to the persons of the defendant and Mrs. Dighton.

Upon the witness being cross-examined by Mr. Parke, he said, that there were several of the same regiment to which the defendant belonged quartered at Northallerton, and knew that a Captain Bradshaw was there before the defendant came to Northallerton, and that he had never seen Mrs. Dighton talking with any other officers; he stated, that he never saw a person in regimentals talking at the window; that the defendant sometimes was dressed in long clothes, and frequently

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quently wore a wide coat; he had a dark-coloured coat on the night that he caught him with Mrs. Dighton, and that he never saw any other officers but the defendant talking at the window. He described the distance of the house where he was standing when he first noticed the defendant, to be about ten yards from the house of the plaintiff; whilst they were talking at the window, he went across the street, and in order to satisfy himself, he passed by the defendant and Mrs. Dighton, and was sure as to their persons, that they were the same he saw in the paddock as before described.

Isabella Lambert was next called. She said that she was nurse to Mrs. Dighton, when she lay in on the 16th of June, 1802, and continued with her for one month from that time; and that during the whole of the time she was there, the plaintiff shewed the utmost attention to his wife; that she was there at intervals for several months after her lying-in, and never at any time observed any thing improper or immodest in Mrs. Dighton. Witness afterwards attended the christening, and the same attention and mutual regard to each other was observable between Mr. and Mrs. Dighton; and she never had any reason to suppose that any difference had taken place between them, until she heard of the unfortunate affair between Mrs. Dighton and the defendant.

Joseph Husband, post-boy in June last with Mrs. Arnett of Bedale, proved that the defendant's servant came to their house on the 11th of June, and ordered a post-chaise against nine o'clock, to go to Northallerton; was told to go down by the Borough-bridge road to the race-ground, and afterwards by the back lane to a little beyond the plaintiff's paddock gate; when they got there it was about half past eleven o'clock, and after stopping about half an hour, Harriet Merryman, a servant to the plaintiff, came to him; a short time afterwards, two ladies—Mrs. Dighton, and her sister, Mrs. Godfrey Hirst—came and got into the chaise; witness then drove them to Ripon; the defendant's servant rode on horseback all the way with them, and paid the witness five shillings for driving, but the ladies paid him the chaise-hire: they then proceeded a few miles beyond Ripon in the chaise, and were pursued and brought back to Sand Hutton, near their father's—Mr. Swift's—house.

Rev. Thomas Harland Fowle, vicar of Thornton-le-street, said, he often visited at Mrs. Dighton's father's house, and knew her from the year 1792 to the day of her marriage; had so good an opinion of her, that he recommended her as a wife to a friend of his; and that, so far from conducting herself improperly, she was even distant and reserved; after her marriage she left her father's, and therefore he had not an opportunity of witnessing her conduct since.

William Welbank, Esq. stated, he had known the plaintiff from a boy, was very intimate with him, and visited at his house; that he had frequent opportunities of witnessing the behaviour of the plaintiff towards his wife, and always observed it was uniformly kind and attentive; they seemed to have a mutual regard for each other, and to live perfectly happy together.

Henry Todd, Esq. said he had known the plaintiff for several years, and lived next door to him in Northallerton. After his marriage, he frequently saw him and his wife; they appeared to live exceedingly happy together. About eleven o'clock, on the 12th of June, the morning after the elopement, he

saw the plaintiff; he appeared very much affected, and was at that time rather delirious. He was much emaciated and worn down for several months afterwards; and it is only lately that he has recovered, in some degree, his former state of health. He also stated, that the plaintiff's wife never came back to her husband after the elopement.

Mr. James Hagart Johnson assistant to Mr. Dighton the plaintiff, said, that on the morning after the elopement of Mrs. Dighton, he was ordered to prepare medicines for the plaintiff, who was very ill, and in convulsions; that the witness was very much alarmed at his illness, and firmly believes it was caused by the elopement of Mrs. Dighton; that he continued in that state for several months, and was not able to follow his medical occupation as before; nor has yet entirely recovered. He said, that he had always observed the greatest affection on the part of the plaintiff to Mrs. Dighton.

Here the evidence for the plaintiff concluded.

Mr. Serjeant Cockell, on the part of the defendant, addressed the Jury. He said—" Gentlemen, I perfectly agree with my learned friend, that a dagger has been stuck into the breast of his unhappy client, which force cannot extract; and a wound has been inflicted, which time cannot heal: but, Gentlemen, I shall prove to you that that dagger was stuck into the breast, and that wound inflicted upon my friend's unhappy client, long, long before the defendant had any knowledge of Mrs. Dighton, and long before he came to Northallerton. Gentlemen, I shall prove to you that Mrs. Dighton was sunk deep in vice, before the defendant reached Northallerton, I shall prove to you, by the evidence of her own servant, that she was guilty of that sort of levity and indiscretion with a Mr. Lascelles, which was ill becoming the character of a virtuous wife: I shall call to you a Captain Bradshaw, who will prove, that not only Mrs. Dighton, and her sister, Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, were the willing objects of his amours at any time, but were so long before the defendant came to Northallerton; and, Gentlemen, it is in my power to prove to you, by the respectable father of the plaintiff—but perhaps I shall not find it necessary to perform so painful a task—that the plaintiff himself was well acquainted with his wife's amours, long before the defendant came to Northallerton. Gentlemen, I would not willingly exert my professional duty, in saving from the just punishment of the laws of his country, the man who would basely destroy domestic happiness, by seducing the affections and violating the chastity of a married woman; but, Gentlemen, when a married woman becomes so polluted, that she is ready to receive the embraces of any man, it surely cannot then be said that he has seduced her affections: the law presumes, that to support an action for criminal conversation, the defendant has seduced the affections of the wife from the husband. Gentlemen, in this case no such seduction on the part of the defendant did take place; the last in possession, Captain Bradshaw, upon his leaving Northallerton, assigned Mrs. Dighton, as well as her sister, Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, over into the possession of the defendant; having, perhaps, exclusively enjoyed possession for a time. They were now sunk so deep in vice, Gentlemen, that I will not hurt your feelings by stating their situation. I understand they are now following a life of direful infamy. No man would more sincerely wish than myself,

myself, that the man who had caused this calamity, should meet with that punishment which he so justly merited. But, Gentlemen, my client was not the cause of it—Mrs. Dighton was ready prepared to his hands—he had nothing to do but to step into possession upon the transfer of Captain Bradshaw. Upon this case, therefore, of the defendant, Gentlemen, being fully proved to you, I shall sit myself down fully assured of the event of your verdict."

The first witness for the defendant was Harriet Merryman. She stated, that she lived with the plaintiff about two years ago, and left his service at the time Mrs. Dighton eloped; she proved, that her master, from his professional pursuits, was very often from home; that sometimes her mistress went to the play along with Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, when her husband was at home as well as when he was absent. She stated, that she remembered a gentleman of the name of Lascelles who then lived at Northallerton; she thought that her mistress was not intimate with Mr. Lascelles before Mr. Bradshaw became acquainted with her; that she once saw Mr. Lascelles and her mistress in the yard of their own house, about ten o'clock at night, but they were not more than ten minutes together at that time; that she observed them from the kitchen, which, from its situation, enabled her to see them in the yard, and was very much surprised. She said Mr. Lascelles was well acquainted with her master, and believed he was a patient of his; likewise stated she was ordered to the House of Correction for leaving her master's service; was a fortnight in the Governor's, Mr. Shepherd's, house; that she was not before a Justice, or confined in prison, and that Mr. Dighton took her out of the Governor's house: knows Mr. Bradshaw, and saw him at her master's door one night in May last; remembered old Mr. Dighton, the plaintiff's father, coming to their house when her master was in bed. Capt. Bradshaw and Mrs. Dighton were then in the back kitchen together, and without any lights; and had not been there long before Mr. Dighton the elder came into the back kitchen; cannot tell what Mr. Dighton, senior, came about that night; heard Mr. Dighton call her master up, saying, Bradshaw was in the kitchen with his wife; did not recollect any words that passed after her master got up; witness thought this was about three weeks before Mrs. Dighton eloped. [This appears a mistake of the witness in her first examination, and which she has corrected in her cross-examination by Mr. Topping.] That this business happened the night previous to Captain Bradshaw's leaving Northallerton. The first time she saw Captain Bradshaw was at the parlour window of her master's house; her mistress was then at the window; has seen Mrs. Dighton and Mrs. Godfrey Hirst in the house with Captain Bradshaw about a month before Mr. Watts came to Northallerton; at that time Mrs. Godfrey Hirst and Capt. Bradshaw were in the parlour together about eleven o'clock, and had no candles with them; Mrs. Dighton stopped in the kitchen; Captain Bradshaw was frequently at her master's house after it was dark, during the absence of her master; he was once up stairs about nine o'clock; he went up with Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, and Mrs. Dighton staid below stairs. Mr. Bradshaw and Mrs. Godfrey Hirst were in the best bed-room, over the kitchen, and had no candles with them; never saw Mr. Bradshaw there excepting the night in

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the back kitchen, unless when Mrs. Godfrey Hirst was there. She said she was ordered by Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, about seven o'clock one night, to go into the paddock behind the house, to see if Captain Bradshaw was there; she found him there, and he came with her into the house; that he went into the front parlour with Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, and staid about half an hour; Mrs. Dighton was in the kitchen and the passage all the time that Mr. Bradshaw stopped. She stated, Mr. Bradshaw was in the house one night about ten o'clock, when her master came home, and he immediately made his escape out at the back door. He had been with her mistress about half an hour before her master came; that Mr. Dighton came in at the passage door to the kitchen, and Mrs. Dighton said nothing to him in her hearing. When Mr. Bradshaw was acquainted by Mrs. Dighton that her husband was coming, he hurried out, and believes Mr. Dighton did not see him.

On her cross-examination by Mr. Topping, she said she lived in Mr. Dighton's service before the birth of the child, and acknowledged that her master had always been a kind and affectionate husband during the time she had lived with him, and has heard her mistress express the greatest anxiety and concern for her husband's safety, when he has been called out in dark nights to attend his professional duties. She believes it was on the Thursday sennight before the elopement, that old Mr. Dighton came; never saw Mr. Bradshaw before that time alone with Mrs. Dighton. She stated, that Mr. Dighton came down stairs almost immediately when called upon, and was nearly undressed; that the dining-room is upon the left hand of the passage, and that there is no door from the front kitchen to the yard. She said, that she had seen the defendant in the town of Northallerton about two months before the night that old Mr. Dighton came to her master's house, and had seen him with her mistress in the dining-room alone: the first time she saw him there, was on the Monday night before the elopement; they were then together in the back kitchen—her master was then in bed—where they remained about an hour without any light; it was about eleven o'clock at night; the witness let him in at the passage door. Witness said, that upon the elopement they were pursued by two of Mr. Hirst's servants, brought back to Ripon, and afterwards to Sand Hutton, which is near their father's—Mr. Swift's—house.

On being further pressed, she said she never saw Mr. Watts there before the night when Mr. Bradshaw was there; that she communicated all these circumstances to Mr. Dighton, when she was at Mr. Sheppard's, the keeper of the House of Correction: she likewise stated, that she went to old Mr. Dighton's to nurse the child, and has been there ever since June.

Christiana Wilson, lives opposite the house of Mr. Dighton, the plaintiff: she said she had frequently seen Captain Bradshaw with Mrs. Dighton and Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, and sometimes Captain Bradshaw with them separately; that she has seen them talking together at the window; she also stated, that she has observed another officer besides Captain Bradshaw at the window with Mrs. Dighton and Mrs. Godfrey Hirst. She one night saw something handed into the window by Capt. Bradshaw to Mrs. Dighton, which was either a letter or a present; this was some time previous to the defendant's coming to Northallerton; she observed Mr. Watts

Watts go to Mr. Dighton's house the Sunday before the elopement; did not know him before; saw him walk past Mr. Dighton's house; believes he went and smoked a pipe with Mr. Todd; when he returned, Harriet Merryman spoke to him from the window; he remained there until about twenty minutes of twelve o'clock; Mr. Watts did not then go in.

George Bradshaw, Esq. stated himself to be a Lieutenant in the army, and was upon service at Northallerton the latter end of March or the beginning of April, and left it about the beginning of June; he said he was never introduced to Mrs. Dighton; the first time he saw her was at the theatre, and Mrs. Godfrey Hirst was then with her; he entered into conversation with them; they were there every night during his stay at Northallerton, except once or twice; saw Mrs. Dighton once near Mr. Dighton's house, about ten o'clock at night; about three weeks after he got to Northallerton, he was passing by the plaintiff's house, and the servant girl of the plaintiff being then at the door, he spoke to her and gallanted a little with her; Mrs. Dighton was then at the window, and told him not to flirt with her servant: he then went up to Mrs. Dighton, and she put out her hand to him, and said, you had better come in, as you will catch cold; Mr. Dighton is not at home, and if you stop there you will be observed; the witness accordingly went in, and staid about ten minutes; nothing particular passed at that time; she proposed taking a walk the next day; he told her, that if her sister would accompany her, he would go, but did not like to go with her alone; the witness did walk out with her and her sister Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, and continued to do so almost every day he was in Northallerton; never walked with Mrs. Dighton alone before Mr. Watts came to Northallerton; said Mr. Watts came to Northallerton about a fortnight after him. He has frequently been in the house alone with Mrs. Dighton, but never was there when Mr. Dighton was in the house; often there before the defendant, Mr. Watts, came to Northallerton; has frequently been in the habits of meeting Mrs. Dighton in the paddock behind the house, before the defendant came to Northallerton, from notes sent him by Mrs. Dighton and Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, requesting him to meet them; walked out with them almost every day when the weather would permit; Mr. Watts never accompanied him in these walks; dressed often in regimentals and often out of them; said that he was at a whist club the night previous to his leaving Northallerton, and that he left it before the club broke up, on purpose to keep an appointment with Mrs. Dighton, at which club Mr. Dighton, the father of the plaintiff, was also present; young Mr. Dighton never attended; that soon after he had got to the plaintiff's house, Mr. Dighton the elder came, and called to the plaintiff to get out of bed, for he, the witness, was then with his wife; upon which the witness made his escape. That he was at the plaintiff's house another night when he was tipsy, and Mrs. Dighton requested him to go up stairs to bed; that she and Mrs. Godfrey Hirst assisted him up stairs, otherwise he could not have got up; upon getting into the bed-chamber, Mrs. Dighton locked the door on the outside, and left the witness and her sister, Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, in the room together; and that upon suddenly perceiving his danger of being detected by the plaintiff, he requested the door to be opened that he might escape, but it was refused;

fused; the witness told them if they would not open the door, he would go out at the window; after being kept a quarter of an hour prisoner, was released; that Mrs. Dighton, Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, and the servant girl, Harriet Merryman, began to laugh at him, and told him he was a coward for not daring to stop. He believes that he was one night in the back kitchen with Mrs. Dighton, Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, and the servant, Harriet Merryman, when the plaintiff, Mr. Dighton, came home; thinks Mr. Dighton did not see him, as he made off. He further believes, that up to the time of his being confined a prisoner by Mrs. Dighton and Mrs. Godfrey Hirst, that the defendant had never seen Mrs. Dighton.

On being cross examined by Mr. Raine, he said he is a Lieutenant in the fifth Dragoon Guards; he thought that a commission of lieutenancy in the Guards might be worth a thousand guineas; stated Mr. Watts, father of the defendant, to be one of the Directors of the Sun Fire Office; believes he has been in the East Indies, and got a great deal of money. The witness said, Mrs. Godfrey Hirst was in the room with him when he was up stairs; that on his first acquaintance with Mrs. Dighton, he might take her by the hand, and believes Mrs. Dighton told him not to flirt with her maid; recollects telling the maid she was handsome, but wronged his judgment; he denied ever having said that it was "our plan to have indiscriminate intercourse with maids, widows, and wives." Upon being further interrogated, he swore that he never said it was "our plan," and vouched upon his oath he never made use of words to that effect. Being farther urged, he said "he did not know what his answer was; he might have said words to that effect." Never walked with one sister without the other; that when Mrs. Dighton said that he had been carrying a little whip as a present for her sister's child, acknowledged that he had done so.

Mr. Topping again addressed the Jury; and after making some observations upon the nature of the defendant's evidence, he said—"Gentlemen, it has been proved to you, that Mrs. Dighton and Mrs. Godfrey Hirst were in the habit of almost constantly attending the theatre at Northallerton, unaccompanied by Mr. Dighton; and the inference drawn from thence is, that Mrs. Dighton was an improper character. Good God! Gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Topping, "is a woman to be as it were shut up in a monastery, from all the social enjoyments of life after she is married? Does it follow that she is neither to see company, nor to attend a theatre; and if she does so, that her virtue is immediately to be suspected? Gentlemen, if this is the mode of estimating the real virtue and chastity of a woman, I am afraid that some of the best female characters in this country stand but upon uncertain ground. It has been said, Gentlemen, that Mr. Dighton never attended his wife to the theatre; but it has also been allowed that she never was there alone. Gentlemen, I need not observe to you, because you will know it sufficiently, that the business of a surgeon and apothecary makes his time such, that he cannot command it; therefore, in Mr. Dighton's practice—of which I understand he has a great deal—it might happen, that during the course of a theatrical season, he had not time to devote one night to its amusements; was it therefore to be expected, that because he, on account of his professional engagements, could not attend

attend Mrs. Dighton to the theatre, that she was to be precluded from going there with her sister? I trust, Gentlemen, that none of you would, under such circumstances, have denied to your wives the innocent enjoyments of life, from the illiberal idea, that you could not participate in those enjoyments with them. Gentlemen, we have had a witness produced, whom, in my opinion, from the evidence he has given, is unfit for the society of honourable men. Gentlemen, he has exposed himself to you as such, by a catalogue, if I may so call it, of the most infamous and abominable conduct towards the happiness and repose of my client; but, Gentlemen, consider what degree of credit is to be paid to the testimony of this Captain Bradshaw: he says, that the defendant and him were both served with copies of writs at the same time; they therefore met together for the purpose of consulting what was best to be done. Gentlemen, perhaps the result of that consultation was, that Captain Bradshaw should say what he has already done, in order to extricate the defendant, his friend, from the consequences of this action." The learned counsel then observed, that the introduction of such a witness as Lieutenant Bradshaw, who came unblushingly into court to publish his own wickedness, and to proclaim his own guilt, he had never seen equalled, in point of impudence, in all his practice. He only once remembered a case something similar to it, and within the knowledge also of his learned friend, Mr. Serjeant Cockell: it was that of a man, who, on an order of bastardy, rushed forward into court, and swore that he was the father of the child they were contending for. And what was done to the fellow, on leaving the court? "Why," said Mr. Topping, "the women did what I wish the women may do in all such cases; they took him upon their shoulders, they carried him under a pump, and pulling down his small clothes, they pumped upon him for half an hour, by way of cooling his effrontery. [*Here was a general laugh.*] But with all this avowal of Lieut. Bradshaw, who so nobly volunteered his own wickedness, was there any thing insinuated against the character of Mr. Dighton himself? On the contrary, when Lieut. Bradshaw heard he was coming, he ran away: a plain proof that the plaintiff was not accessary to his own shame; for they were scarcely acquainted with each other, and he could have no suspicion of what was going on in his house. From the account given even by Lieutenant Bradshaw himself, it might be inferred, that his visits were paid to the sister of Mrs. Dighton, and not to herself; for it could scarcely be credited, that they all should be so abandoned—wives, sisters, mistresses, and maids—as to join in one indiscriminate debauchery, and set up, with Lieutenant Bradshaw, as copartners in vice, against Mr. Watts, therefore, and with strict justice, was this action brought, because there was no question of his guilt. He had unquestionably injured the plaintiff, and committed that crime, which, he trusted, no jury would permit a man to commit in this country unpunished—the crime of destroying the peace of mind of an unsuspecting husband, who, in the language of Shakespear,

Lov'd her not wisely, but too well.

Mr. Topping concluded this very eloquent speech, nearly in these words—"While this profligate and abandoned woman was thus planting daggers in the heart of an affectionate husband, one parent has already dropped into the grave, killed

killed by the conduct of her wretched daughter. Her remaining parent, from the grief he has undergone, has suffered much: and thus has this abandoned woman, and the parties who have criminally appeared on this trial, and who supposed themselves wantoning in the lap of pleasurse, been accessary to the ruin of a whole family—virtuous and respected till now, and whose name hitherto has been without reproach. It is with you, Gentlemen of the Jury, therefore, to compensate as much as may be in your power, for the accumulated wrongs the plaintiff has sustained."

The learned Judge recapitulated the whole of the evidence given, in a full and impartial manner: at the same time he strongly reprobated the very criminal conduct of Mr. Watts and Mr. Bradshaw; and shewed the fatal effects of such conduct on the peace and happiness of society.

In the course of his charge, he took occasion to observe, that "the character of the plaintiff appeared, pure and unstained: it was, however, unfortunate for him, that he had a wife so very viciously inclined; for he undoubtedly knew nothing of her guilty conduct till the elopement took place: the plaintiff was, therefore, entitled to recover against the defendant. The act of adultery, and every other requisite proof to support the cause of Mr. Dighton, had been fully and clearly adduced to the Court."

The learned Judge concluded, by observing, that, "considering the vicious character of the plaintiff's wife, the jury were to judge of the loss sustained by the plaintiff, and to measure their quantum of damages accordingly."

The Jury returned a verdict—Damages L 100.

SHOOTING AT A GAMEKEEPER.

York Spring Assizes, 1804.

JAMES CARR was indicted for firing a gun in a wood, called Wath Wood, belonging to the Earl of Carlisle, with a felonious intent, by which John Harrison was dangerously wounded.

John Harrison was examined by Mr. Parke. He stated himself to be under gamekeeper to Lord Carlisle, and that on the 1st of December last, he, together with three other persons, about half past nine o'clock in the evening, went to the woods belonging to Lord Carlisle, for the purpose of endeavouring to detect poachers; that they first came to a place in his Lordship's grounds, called Holling Hill, where they heard the report of guns; afterwards they heard another gun fired, the sound of which appeared to come from the corner of a place called Wath Wood; the other three persons that were with him, then separated, and placed themselves in different parts of the wood. The witness said, that he saw, near that part where he had placed himself, one man on the outside of the wood, and going into it; he immediately pursued him, and in the pursuit took up a hat, which he supposed belonged to the person he was in pursuit of, and which had been brushed off his head by the low branches; he soon afterwards saw a person in the wood who presented a gun at the witness, and fired it at him; the contents of which lodged in the witness's left knee, elbow, and breast. Witness said, he could distinguish the features and colour of the clothes—his coat being blue—of the person who

who fired at him; and had no doubt the prisoner was the man: after being shot, he heard a man, whom he had no doubt was the prisoner, speak to Robinson, one of the witness's assistants, and say, "that if he did not keep at a distance, he would shoot him." The witness produced a tobacco-box, which appeared to have had three shots into it, at the time he was shot at by the prisoner; the box was stated to be full of shag tobacco, at the time the box was shot into, and therefore the shots were lodged in the inside of the box.

Upon his cross-examination by Mr. Raine, the witness positively swore, that the distance, when the prisoner fired, did not exceed twelve yards; and it was, at the time he was fired at, about half past eleven o'clock at night. He allowed there were clouds in the firmament, but the flash of the pan and gun at the time of going off, sufficiently enabled him to distinguish the colour of the clothes, and features of the prisoner; but upon being further pressed, he acknowledged that the light of the moon would destroy the advantages to be derived from the light caused by the flash of the pan and the gun. He was positive that the prisoner's coat was a blue one; and was positive also that he could distinguish the prisoner's features so as to know him; and never had a doubt that the prisoner was the man that fired at him; and always said he was sure if he saw him again, he could know him; nor did he ever express that he had a doubt to any one; and particularly to any one of the name of George Cawood, whom he acknowledged to know, and to have been at his house, when they had some conversation upon the subject of the prisoner's shooting at the witness. He acknowledged that he had been at York Castle to take a view of the prisoner; but swore he never asked Mr. Stavely, the Governor of the Castle, to point out to him the prisoner; the sole object of his wishing to see the prisoner, was to see whether he had changed his clothes. The witness farther acknowledged, that he had seen the prisoner at the Castle of York, and was in the turnkey's room; but did not hear his name mentioned, or pointed out to him as the prisoner.

John Robinson, a labourer to the Earl of Carlisle, and one of the men the preceding witness had taken with him on the evening of the 1st of December, went over and corroborated the evidence given by the last witness, as to the hearing of the firing of guns, and the position they placed themselves in to detect the poachers; and spoke as to seeing a man fire at the last witness, and that he was dressed in a dark coloured coat; he said that he was at the distance of above twenty yards when the gun was fired; that the prisoner afterwards came towards him, the witness, and the witness then demanded of him to stop; that the prisoner, being within the distance of four or five yards of him, stopped, but said—"Damn you, if you don't keep back I will shoot you;" the prisoner then presented his piece, and the witness took a pistol out of his pocket, upon which the prisoner made off, and the witness pursued him; but hearing John Harrison call out for assistance, and say he was shot, he left off the pursuit. He saw the prisoner next morning in the servants'-hall, at the Earl of Carlisle's, and had no doubt he was the man who fired at Harrison.

Upon his cross examination, he acknowledged, that he first said he only thought he had seen the man who fired at Harrison; and that there were several poachers in

Wath Wood on the night of the 1st of December.

Upon a question from the Judge, he acknowledged he could not distinguish the features of the prisoner on the 1st of December, neither could he perceive any thing singular in his voice; the only thing which made him imagine the prisoner to be the man, was from his height, and the colour of his coat.

John Jefferson was the next witness called. He said, he was one of the Earl of Carlisle's servants, and one of the persons that went out with Harrison on the 1st of December. He stated, that he saw the prisoner in Lord Morpeth's plantation, with a gun under his coat, and immediately seized him, and said, "You poaching rascal, what are you doing here?" upon which the prisoner struck the witness, and a violent struggle ensued.

Upon his cross-examination, he said it was nearly half past twelve o'clock when he took the prisoner, which was about a mile from Wath Wood, where Harrison was shot at.

Benjamin Beal, another witness, proved, that he came up to the assistance of the preceding witness, when he was struggling with the prisoner, and assisted in securing him; and that he took from the prisoner a gun very deeply loaded.

Upon his cross-examination, he acknowledged there were other poachers in Wath Wood on that night.

Benjamin Fell next examined. He was one of the party that went out with Harrison on the 1st of December, and corroborated the preceding witness's evidence as to the hearing of the different firings, and the respective positions they took in Wath Wood, in order to detect the poachers. In addition, he said, that when within the distance of six or seven yards, he heard Robinson call out—"Lads, what are you about?" and then saw the flash of a gun; that he saw the gun presented, by which Harrison was wounded; that he never took his eyes off the man who presented it, until he came within five yards of him; and that he is sure the prisoner is the man who fired the gun; that he told him so when he saw him at Castle Howard, and was sure of it from his dress and voice.

Upon his cross-examination, he acknowledged there was nothing particular in the prisoner's voice; neither would he swear that the coat which he wore was blue.

Here the witnesses for the prosecution closed.

The prisoner in his defence first called

George Cawood, of Welburn, who deposed, that the witness Harrison, came to his house after he had nearly recovered from the wounds he had received when shot at on the 1st of December; after the witness's congratulating him on being able to come out, he asked him, Harrison, if he knew the person of the man who shot at him at the time he was shot? Harrison then replied—"I do not." Harrison soon after left the witness's house, and the witness went on part of the road with him; and, in the course of conversation, the witness congratulated him that Jefferson had caught Carr; if he had not done so, the witness said, "I think they would have escaped;" to which Harrison replied, it was fortunate that it was so; for, if he, Jefferson, had not taken Carr, "we should not have known any of them."

Thomas Hornby was present at the conversation between the preceding

ceding witness and Harrison, at the witness's house, and corroborated it.

William Wray, clerk to Messrs. Robinson and Smithson of Malton, solicitors to the prisoner, proved, that he came to York Castle for the purpose of taking instructions from the prisoner for his defence; that he went into the turnkey's room to inquire for the prisoner, and saw a person there whom he believed to be John Harrison; and had no doubt but that Harrison must have heard him ask for the prisoner by name.

Samuel Wilson, head turnkey at the Castle of York, stated, that Harrison was in his room when the preceding witness was inquiring for the prisoner; has no doubt Harrison must have heard the prisoner's name mentioned; that in consequence of the request of William Wray, he brought the prisoner into his—the witness's—room, and has no doubt but Harrison saw him.

Mr. Stavely proved, that Harrison brought a letter directed to him, from Mr. Lambert, the solicitor for the prosecution, requesting Mr. Stavely would let Harrison have a sight of Carr, in the same way he usually granted such indulgences; to which Mr. Stavely said, he should see him in company of the rest of the prisoners, which was a practice he had in all cases followed; but that he could not go with him at that moment, and took him—Harrison—to the turnkey's room until he was at liberty, and then he ordered about thirty prisoners to be brought out along with the prisoner at the bar; but before they came out, Harrison told Mr. Stavely, that he had seen the prisoner in the turnkey's room.

Three other witnesses were then produced to speak to character.

The learned Judge, in summing up the evidence, told the Jury, that the great object for their consideration was, to consider whether the identity of the prisoner had been satisfactorily proved. He observed, it was not the best of evidence that had been produced to prove that the prisoner was the man who shot at Harrison; for he himself stated, that he was at the distance of about twelve yards from the prisoner when he fired the gun; that it was in the midst of trees, though aided and assisted by the light of the moon, and the momentary light occasioned by the firing of the gun. It was therefore for them to consider, whether they could perfectly rely upon the evidence as stated; and whether it was possible for a man, under such circumstances, to identify the prisoner so sufficiently, as to leave nothing to doubt upon. The testimony of the other witnesses, his Lordship observed, did not go sufficiently clear to point out the prisoner as the man who had shot at Harrison; and they had also to take into their consideration, that Harrison did not seem to have a perfect knowledge of the prisoner, by his afterwards coming to York to see him; and also the degree of doubt that must be thrown upon the whole of Harrison's evidence, from the evidence of Mr. Stavely and Mr. Wilson.

The jury returned a verdict of—Not Guilty.

The Judge, on the Jury bringing in their verdict of acquittal, remarked to the prisoner—who appeared a very hardened offender—that he had had a very narrow escape for his life; and that he hoped it would be an example to him and others to quit so desperate a life as that of a poacher, where, at one time or another, his fate might be inevitable.

THEATRICALS.

THEATRICALS.

THE WILL FOR THE DEED.

Covent Garden, March 24.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Hairbrain	Mr. Munden.
Harry Hairbrain	Mr. Lewis.
Manly	Mr. Chapman.
Motto	Mr. Fawcett.
Farmer Acorn	Mr. Emery.
Antimony	Mr. Blanchard.
Reference	Mr. Farley.
Capias	Mr. Simmons.
Mrs. Reference	Mrs. Davenport.
Harriet Manly	Miss Marriot.
Bar-Maid	Miss Leserve.

MR. MANLY—the assumed appellation of a distressed gentleman, whose real name is Stamford—is reduced, by the machinations of Capias and Antimony, two artful men, to seek for subsistence on the boards of a provincial theatre. The place of exhibition is at an inn in a country assize town, and the play commences with the arrival of the lawyers to the quarter sessions, the actors, and other travellers; among whom is Harry Hairbrain, a gay student, who has quitted Oxford, and followed the theatrical corps, for the love of Harriet Manly, daughter of the gentleman before mentioned: at the same time, old Mr. Hairbrain, the student's father, is overturned in the mail, in his way to fetch his son Harry home, to fulfil a matrimonial contract with the niece of Mr. Antimony; to which marriage the young gentleman is averse, and makes use of various stratagems to elude complying with his father's intentions; all of which are unsuccessful, till the old man accidentally discovers that Mr. Manly is an old friend, who had formerly done him an essential service, and that he—Mr. Manly—had been villanously defrauded of the inheritance of his brother's property by the artful concealment of a DEED on the part of Capias, and the substitution of a WILL, which that deed was meant to cancel. As Mr. Hairbrain discovers that his pretended friend Antimony is a party to this transaction, he of course breaks off the intended marriage of Harry Hairbrain with Antimony's niece, and concludes the piece by giving the daughter of his real friend Stamford, *alias* Manly, to his son Harry.

The whole of the scene lies at the inn kept by Motto—personated by Fawcett—who had formerly been an herald painter, and whimsically applies the mottos and quotations he had learned, without understanding them, on all occasions. The discourse of the theatrical manager, Mr. Reference, is made of the names of plays in his acting catalogue. Old Hairbrain is an optimist; and while he thinks all for the best, old Antimony finds fault with every thing. Capias is a cunning *ci-devant* attorney. Manly and Harry Hairbrain are characterized by their names. Mrs. Reference is wife to the manager, and outrageously angry at the superior influence of Miss Manly over the heart of Harry Hairbrain, and the good-will of the audience she is supposed to have played before. The piece is represented in the Prologue as a tribute of friendship from the author to the gentleman whose night it was written for; and the Epilogue is a comic song by Fawcett, on the subject of the theatre—as well as his house in the play—being a place of public entertainment.

The piece, which is from the pen of Mr. Dibdin, is, upon the whole, well constructed, and possesses a sufficient

sufficient degree of interest to rivet the attention of the audience to the whole progress of the scene. The language is tolerably neat, often energetic, and the *equivoque*, for the most part, exceedingly pleasing. The leading characters are well contrasted throughout, and the whole of them are admirably suited to the talents of their respective representatives. Fawcett, Emery, Blanchard, Farley, and Mrs. Davenport, are all most skilfully and effectually brought into action; and we have no doubt of The Will for the Deed being received with favour and applause for the remainder of the season. It was received throughout with bursts of warm approbation, and the curtain dropped amidst the reiterated plaudits of a brilliant and overflowing audience.

VALENTINE AND ORSON:

A MELO-DRAMA.

Covent Garden, April 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of France	Mr. Cory.
Henry } His Relations	Mr. Klanert.
Haufray } His Relations	Mr. Claremont.
Valentine, a Foundling	Mr. Farley.
Orson, a Wild Man	Mr. Dubois.
Hugo, Valentine's Armourer	Mr. Blanchard.
Blandiman, Page to the Empress	Mr. Chapman.
Page to Valentine	Master Blanchard.
Princess Eglantine	Mrs. St. Ledger.
Empress Belisanta, Sister to the King	Mrs. Dibdin.
Florimonda, of Aquitaine	Mrs. Frederick.
Female Pilgrim	Miss Martyr.
Agatha, Attendant on Eglantine	Mrs. Martyr.
Cicely, an old Peasant	Mrs. Powell.

THOUGH the romantic adventures of Valentine and Orson are generally known, yet, as it is presumed they are only the acquaintances of childhood, it may not be deemed impertinent to recal to the memories of those who have forgotten them, as much of their story as is necessary to explain the present attempt to dramatise it; which is most respectfully submitted to the public in the form of a melo-drama, a mode of representation preferred in this instance, not only for the sake of variety, but from the necessity of making Orson a pantomime character, he being represented as devoid of speech and reason.

In the eighth century of the Christian era, Pepin, King of France, and father of Charlemagne, is supposed to have given his sister, Belisanta, in marriage to Alexander, Emperor of Constantinople, who reigned over the few Eastern Provinces left of what formerly belonged to the Roman empire.

Belisanta, who was beautiful and virtuous, had not long been married ere her happiness was interrupted by the presumption of a High Priest, her husband's bosom friend and confidential favourite, whose ungrateful attempt to violate his master's honour in the person of the Empress, being frustrated by her spirited and exemplary conduct, he determined to ruin the character, and destroy the domestic felicity of the woman whose virtue he could not subdue.

With this intention, he publicly accused the Empress of improper intimacy with a young nobleman of the court, whom he pretended to have slain in the first transports of zeal for the honour of his master; and by his influence procured so many witnesses, who apparently corroborated his own false testimony, that the Empress was condemned unheard, her pregnancy considered as an aggravating proof of her crime, and she could only obtain, as a great favour from the Emperor, the

the sentence of banishment, in mitigation of the doom of death, which his first fury had passed upon her.

In journeying to her brother's court, attended only by a faithful page, the unfortunate Empress was benighted in a wood near Orleans, and while her attendant was absent in search of food and shelter, her agony of mind hastened the births of Valentine and Orson; the latter of whom was carried away by a monstrous bear; the frantic mother, impelled by maternal terror, madly attempted to pursue the savage, but fell, insensible, and was hidden by the surrounding thicket, while her brother, the King of France, accidentally passing that way while hunting, found the infant Valentine, ordered his attendants to take care of him, and brought him up as an adopted son.

The faithful servant of the Queen, ignorant of what had happened, returned at length, with a peasant's wife. They found the unfortunate Belisanta still insensible, and conveyed her to a cottage, from whence she afterwards repaired to a neighbouring convent, and took the monastical vow, without apprising the King of her situation, he having proclaimed his abhorrence of her imaginary crime, declared his resolution to consider her as dead, and ordered mass to be yearly performed for her soul's health, as if she had actually been so.

In the mean time, Valentine became so great a favourite at Court, that he excited the jealousy of all the King's relations, who contrived to have him sent on every dangerous expedition, from each of which he returned with increased honour and success; and when arrived at the age of twenty, undertook to attack a formidable wild man, who infested the forest of Orleans, and proved to be his own brother, who, instead of being devoured by the bear, was nursed and reared by her, till he, in time, was able to become the protector of his savage foster-mother.

By art and valour combined, Valentine overcame the wild man, and took him from the forest alive; the latter he perhaps would never have accomplished, but for the death of the bear, who expired with old age, and Orson, as if by instinct, transferred his regard from her to his unknown brother.

The adventures of Orson at court, were rude, as might be expected, from his untaught habits; he remained, however, firmly attached to Valentine, and followed him when he was sent to conquer Agramant, a pagan knight and sorcerer, who held as his captive the daughter of the Duke of Aquitaine, and possessed a shield, which, until removed by "a prince who had never been nursed by a woman," was destined to preserve him from the arms of every opponent.

Before Valentine's departure, the King, in gratitude for former services, had promised him the hand of his daughter, Eglantine, in marriage, and the Princess, fearing the charms of Florimonda, in whose cause Valentine was about to fight, might weaken his affection for herself, preceded him in disguise to the Green Knight's camp, where she was fortunately preserved from death by the arrival of Valentine, who, after ineffectually opposing the pagan warrior, permitted Orson to attempt the combat: the talisman of the magic shield yielded to the wild knight, he being a prince, though "not nursed by a woman." The pagan was conquered by Orson, whose rank was thus discovered, and the genius Pacolet arriving on a winged horse, directed Valentine to consult a golden oracle, kept by the giant

Ferragus,

Morland, del. Bell, sc.

Sportsmans Repast.

Pub. April 10, 1804, by J. Wallis, Warwick Square.

Ferragus, from which he learned the particulars of his own origin, as well as that of Orson, who, at the same time, was endowed with reason. A little before this period, the Emperor of Constantinople was undeceived with regard to the supposed guilt of his Empress, by one who, according to the custom of those times, challenged and vanquished, in single combat, the traitor who had abused his sovereign's ear, and who confessed his crime with his dying breath.

The Emperor had also learned his Queen's existence and concealment, and, arriving at the court of King Pepin at the moment when Valentine and Orson were consulting the golden head, he was reconciled to his injured partner, and acknowledged his children. Valentine was presented with the hand of his cousin Eglantine, and Orson married to the Princess Florimonda of Aquitaine, whose safety and honour he had preserved from the tyrannic violence of Agramant.

This Serio-Comic Romantic Melo-Drama is one of the most attractive and magnificent performances now on the English stage. To Mr. Farley, the Manager and Proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre are highly indebted for the present production. The performers acquitted themselves with much earnest solicitude to please. The music, scenery, decorations, machinery, and dresses, deserve the highest commendation. The piece is in many places uncommonly interesting, and successfully produces the various emotions of the mind. It was received throughout with unbounded approbation, and announced for a second representation with reiterated bursts of applause. In short, we hesitate not to affirm, that Valentine and Orson will become a great and deserved favourite with the Public.

FEROCIOUS WOLF.

ON the 28th of February last, about one in the morning, Cit. Francis Lanaud and his wife, residing near Lons le Saulnier, in the department of Jura, were suddenly awaked by the barking of the dog on the outside of the house. Scarcely was the door opened, when a wolf flew upon the man, who, though having nothing on but his shirt, succeeded in bringing the beast to the ground. The furious animal, however, recovering himself, made another attack upon his enemy, already wounded; and, though twice compelled by the man to quit his hold, still returned to the charge. The last time, Lanaud, seizing him by the jaw, thought to stifle him, by running his fist down his throat. The wolf, however, disengaged himself again, and was in the act of springing into the house, when Lanaud's wife, who had seen the whole transaction, shutting the door suddenly, caught one of his paws between that and the post. In this interval, two neighbours arrived, and soon dispatched him. One of Lanaud's wrists was nearly torn away, besides several other bites upon his arms. His wife, too, was bitten. The prefect of the department has ordered provision to be made for them.

THE SPORTSMAN'S REPAST.

An Etching by Bell, from a celebrated Artist.

THIS is one of those slight performances, of which we have had several before. As it in no shape requires description, we shall offer nothing more than its title above—"The Sportsman's Repast."

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

MR. PEGGE, in his "Anecdotes of the English Language," gives the following as a dialogue between a citizen of London and his servant, to shew the corrupt sound of *w* and *v*.—"*Cit.* 'Villiam, I vants my vig.'—*Serv.* 'Vitch vig, Sir?'—*Cit.* 'Vy, the vite vig, in the vooden vig-box, vitch I vore last Vensday, at the Westry."

A COUNTRY manager lately asked a young candidate for the sock, if he was well acquainted with "stage trick?" "O yes, Sir, very well, for I bilked the last two *stage* coaches!"

CAPT. TIPPETT is appointed to the command of the *Pretty Lass*, engaged by Government as a hired vessel. It is no wonder that a *Pretty Lass* should have a *Tippet*.

AN honest sailor, having his pockets stored with well-earned cash, determined on quitting his ship to indulge himself, by spending it like a *gemman*. Accordingly, on his arrival on shore, he hired a post chaise, and mounting the top of it, directed the post boy to proceed on his voyage. A pedestrian shortly ailed the driver, to know if he had room to accommodate him withinside. "You'll please to ask his honour on the top of the chaise, Sir," was the answer. The frolicsome sailor did not want entreaties to disclose his mind, which he did, much to the satisfaction of all parties, by saying—"You may get between decks, and welcome; but I'll be d—d if you shall come on the quarter-deck."

A COUNTRY schoolmaster's description of a money-lender—"A money-lender serves you in the *present* tense—he binds you in the *conditional* mood—keeps you in the *subjunctive*—and ruins you in the *future!*"

IT has always been usual for British sailors, with that frankness so conspicuous in their characters, to designate their favourite commanders by means of some apposite expression, originating in some peculiarity, arising either out of their persons or their manners. Accordingly, Boscawen was familiarly called *Wry-neck Dick*; Pye, so long Port-admiral at Portsmouth, was always called *Nozy*; Earl Howe, whose very name is still adored in the navy, received the appellation of *Black Dick*; while Admiral Cornwallis, on account of a certain twirl of his finger and thumb, added to a sleek and ruddy countenance, and a wig somewhat similar to that seen in front of a nobleman's carriage, is frequently denominated *Coachee!*

A CERTAIN

A CERTAIN family have been very vociferous in their eagerness to fight for the support of *Church* and State. Certainly every one gives them credit for an ardent desire to preserve the *Temples*.

BON TON.—"Those are a very handsome pair of bracelets, my Lady."—"Yes, my Lord; I admire your taste prodigiously."—"My taste!"—"Yes, my dear Lord; they were given me by a gentleman to whose wife *you presented them*."

DR. F. a celebrated man at Cambridge, dining with a party, it so happened, that after dinner all their toasts began with the letter B; on which one of his friends asked him to give him an extempore. The request was instantly complied with, in the following lines—

'Tis strange, you'll say, that Cupid should decree,
That all our favourites should begin with *B*:
How shall we solve this paradox of ours?—
The *Bee* goes always to the sweetest flow'rs.

MILLERIANI.

Where shall I cut you, Ma'am, some cheese?
"You're very good, Sir, where you please."
By Heav'ns, you're too polite, I swear:
John, take it *home*, we'll cut it there.

A COUP DE MAIN.—A rich and handsome young widow asked lately a gallant officer, on half-pay, at what *fire-office* he would advise her to insure her house? "In either the *Union* or *Hand-in-Hand* office," replied he, *significantly*. "Is the *fire* office near?"—"Very near, Madam; I cover it with my hand," placing it on his *breast*. The Lady was not insensible to his wit or merit, and speedily rewarded him at Hymen's *Union-office*.

A MAN who was tried the other day for *bigamy*, pleaded in his defence, that he should not have taken a second wife, if he had not *forgot* that he had been married before. The Judge remarked, this plea could not avail him, as no man married once, now-a-days, but had every day of his life sufficient cause to *remember* it!

QUERY FOR DOCTORS COMMONS.—A dumb man has lately taken away his neighbour's wife, who laboured under a similar infirmity—Does this act come under the head of *Criminal Conversation?*

AN Irishman on board the Lady Hobart packet, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck, as the vessel was going down, replied, that he had no wish to go on deck to *see himself drowned*.

PEOPLE may crack their jokes on the numerous bankers' clerks in the Volunteer Corps; but they certainly go through their exercises as well as any others, and are particularly expert in *presenting*.

CORPORATION DANCING.—A morning Paper, speaking of the Mansion House Ball, says, the first dance was called by Lord Dumplin!—*Erratum*, read Duplin.

EPIGRAM.

IN death Gil saw his wife extended lie,
And that he lov'd her still, was *all his cry*;
Talk not of love, says Dan, unless with her,
A whirlwind to a calm thou didst prefer.
A stormy tongue I grant she had, says Gil,
And hence the reason's plain, I love her *still*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AT the Quarter Sessions for the county of Cambridge, on Friday the 3d inst. William Chifney, of Newmarket, was tried on an indictment, for assaulting Colonel Leigh. The Jury found him guilty; and the Court sentenced him to pay a fine of forty shillings, to be imprisoned six months, and at the expiration of that time to give security for his good behaviour for two years, himself in L.100, and two sureties in L.50 each.

EPPING HUNT.—Easter Monday, a fine deer was started from the Bald-faced Stag, a public house on the borders of the Forest. The number of horsemen was very great. The hounds were excellent, and followed the stag very close through all his different turnings or alterations in his course. He started at about twelve o'clock, when he took down the Forest a little way, then turned to the left, towards Walthamstow; after that, he coursed several times round a great part of the Forest, making different attempts to take the water, but was prevented by the dogs following him up so close. At length, at near four o'clock, he succeeded, and got into a pond at the farther end of the Forest, where he kept the dogs sometime at bay, but was taken alive, by a person entangling a whip in his horns, and dragging him to the land.

ON Wednesday morning, the 4th instant, Lord Berkeley's fox hounds were thrown off in the neighbourhood of Egham. A very numerous field of gentlemen sportsmen attended for a day's diversion. When they got near Farn Hill, a very fine fox started. He took his course by Mr. Smith's premises to Lord Henley's pleasure grounds, where the horsemen paid but little respect to the beautiful walks, and did considerable damage. Renard then took his course by Englefield Green, crossed the Bagshot road, and made through the inclosures towards Trumps Mill and Botley, where they completely lost him, and gave up the chase. It was an excellent day's sport.

AT a hunt, at Kingswood, Northumberland, on the 3d of last month, the fox, being hard pressed, took shelter in the cleft of a high rock. The hunters provided themselves with spades, &c. and wrought for a considerable time, until they were on the point of getting the fox, when one of them putting in a lever, gave a shock to the rock, which was near forty feet high, and it immediately gave way, when three men who were on the top, with some hundred tons of the rock, were hurled together down the precipice. The ponderous load shivered several trees in its way, and two of the men were almost covered

covered among the fragments; the third was hurled to the bottom, and in the act of getting on his feet, when a large piece of the rock which followed, knocked him down and buried him. The former two were got out much bruised: the third was in appearance lifeless; but some signs of life remaining, a surgeon was sent for, and he is now in a fair way of recovery.

ORNITHOLOGY.—*Scolotax*, or the Woodcock. Of all the different species hitherto discovered of the genus belonging to the order of *Grattæ*, one of the most extraordinary was a few days since shot by the gamekeeper of the Rev. Mr. Stevens, of Ludgvan, in Oxfordshire, in an inclosure near the parsonage house, called Coopers Croft. The head, tail, and extremity of the wings, are of a milk white, the bill and legs of a light yellow, and the body of a brownish ash colour. It is altogether as elegant in its shape, as singular in its species. The celebrated Mr. Pennant has described this bird as very rarely seen in the Hebrides. This bird has been carefully preserved.

A WOODCOCK has been some time sitting on four eggs, in Birchwood, near Mr. Lockhart's seat at Sherfield. This extraordinary fact has been witnessed by several respectable gentlemen, and the bird has been occasionally put up by their visits; but this has not occasioned her to desert her charge.

A RAVENOUS glead, or buzzard hawk, had frequently, of late, been seen devouring pigeons, on the steeple of Bow Church, London. Mr. Carruthers, of Cheapside, from the window of Mr. Poole's house, shot the bird.

A SHOCKING accident happened one morning about eleven o'clock, the beginning of this month, in Oxford-street—A groom belonging to the Hon. Arthur Upton of the Guards, had been exercising a blood horse belonging to his master, in the Park. On his return, the animal suddenly took fright and ran away with his rider. The man was an excellent horseman, but he was unable to check the impetuosity of the affrighted animal, who gallopped furiously through Cumberland-gate. On endeavouring to alter his course, by turning the horse's head down Oxford-street, he fell with the groom under him, who had his thigh broken, and was otherwise most dangerously hurt. The fall was so dreadful, that the horse broke his back, and was put to death immediately. The unfortunate man was taken to St. George's Hospital, where but faint hopes are entertained of his recovery. Two other men were ran over by the horse, one of whom had his ribs, and the other his leg broken.

ON Wednesday, the 14th instant, as the Hon. C—— O—— and Col. S—— were driving a tandem at Bookham, Surry, in turning the corner by Lady Down's seat, the leader slipped back, and drove it in contact with the famous walnut-tree facing her Ladyship's house. Although the tandem was most materially damaged, we are happy to hear neither of the gentlemen received any injury whatever.

LATELY, a melancholy accident happened at Ludgvan, near Marazion. As a lad about eleven years of age, was taking down his father's fowling-piece, which was placed rather beyond his reach, and unfortunately loaded, it slipped from his hand, and, going off, discharged its contents through the heart of his eldest sister, a fine girl, about fifteen years of age, who instantly

stantly expired. Coroner's Inquest—Accidental Death.

On Monday and Tuesday, the 12th and 13th instant, by adjournment, an inquisition was taken by the Coroner for the county of Norfolk, at the Hammer and Trowel, in St. Stephen's, Norwich, on John Ford, aged 31 years, late of Ludham, in the county of Norfolk, who, on the previous Sunday, by the melancholy accident of a fowling-piece, unknowingly charged with powder and shot, at that time in the hands of one Bully, a lad, aged about 17 years, after pulling down the trigger several times to no purpose, unfortunately going off, was so mortally wounded as to be the occasion of his death the following day. The Jurors, after a long and minute investigation of every circumstance, unanimously declared their verdict—Chance Medley.

In a letter of recent date from Verdun, which we have seen, it is said, that the more opulent of the English prisoners are about to subscribe for a pack of fox-hounds. It is not said where they are to hunt, or how the hounds are to be procured.

A new method of poaching.—A person of the name of Del Casas, by trade a shoemaker, was lately condemned to the gallies for catching partridges on the royal demesne near Lisbon. The scheme he pursued was this—Having prepared a quantity of papers, in a conical form, like what are used to wrap up sugar, he put a vetch in the smaller end, and, having besmeared the inside with a glutinous matter, distributed his traps in convenient places: the partridges inserting their heads to seize the vetches, found themselves very disagreeably eclipsed by their sticky night caps, and though not entirely prevented from flying, were so blinded, muffled up, and confounded, that they were easily taken.

At a late assize, in an action for killing game—coursing—the defendant not being qualified, Mr. Serjeant Williams, on the part of the plaintiffs, insisted—and Sir S. Lawrence confirmed the doctrine—that, although a qualified person may take his servant, or servants, for the purpose of assisting him to kill game, he cannot qualify them to kill it, nor will his presence protect an unqualified person—nor his servant—who goes for the purpose of coursing; but if such person take an active part, and join in the diversion, in the same manner with a qualified person, he is as much liable to the penalties as if no such qualified person were present. His Lordship said, the usual practice was contrary, but that practice would not alter the law.

Match against time.—At twelve o'clock, a person set out from Birmingham to ride to London, and return in 48 hours, on a mare belonging to Mr. Smith, near that place. The equestrian set off nearly at score, and continued his speed through Coventry, Dunchurch, and Daventry; but at Redburn, about 85 miles on his road, he was completely knocked up, whilst the mare continued fresh and able to proceed. Here the jockey was put to bed for some hours, but he was wholly unable to prosecute the journey. The match, which was for 100 guineas, was of course lost.

A young man, named Charles Whatford, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to walk 100 miles in 50 hours, which he performed on the road between Skanes-hill and Lindfield, two hours within the given time; but was so mutch fatigued by his exertion, that he was obliged

obliged to be carried to his home, and the assistance of a medical gentleman was deemed necessary to his recovery.

A GENTLEMAN who had undertaken to walk 13 times round St. Paul's Church-yard, on the pavement, within the short space of an hour, started at 47 minutes and a half past 11 o'clock at night; and, although the wind and slippery ground was rather against him, and several coaches impeded the way, he successfully performed his task in 51 minutes with great ease. The principal bet was 50 guineas.

A WAGER of 50 guineas was lately decided between Mr. Vincent Leander, and a gentleman of Dorchester, which of them should hit an orange at twelve paces most times out of twelve; when the bet was won by the former, having put in eleven balls out of twelve, and the latter ten out of twelve.

THE beginning of this month a desperate battle was fought on Bow Common, between David Pigeon, a Jew, a dealer in lemons, and a horse-dealer, known by the name of *Squinting Bob*, for ten guineas a side, in consequence of a dispute, which originated concerning a young woman to whom they both paid their addresses. The battle lasted one hour and twenty minutes, hard fighting, in which there were 40 knock-down blows, when victory was declared in favour of *Squinting Bob*. They were both very much beaten. The Jew was taken home by his friends in a coach, with very little hopes of recovery.

UPON the recommendation of Mr. Baron Hotham, at the last Essex Assizes, directions were given by the Court, at the above Quarter Sessions, for the prosecution of Briton, Belcher, and others, at the public expence, for a riot at a prize-fight, at Hadstock, in the county of Essex.

THE following was published previous to the death of the nobleman alluded to.—A distinguished character, a great admirer of pugilism, lately adopted the singular resolution of keeping no servant who was not a better boxer than himself: in consequence of which the party-coloured gentry felt so much dread, that, on the death of a footman, a short time since, none dared apply for the place, until an honest Herculean Welchman went to be hired, without previous knowledge of the necessary qualification. On the second day of his residence in the family, the pugilistic master entered the hall, and deliberately struck David a blow on the breast; the man, unconscious of giving offence, was astonished, and endeavoured to run away. His master, however, insisted he should fight, and accompanied his commands with two or three *Belchers* that raised the indignation of the Cambrian, who defended himself with spirit, and finally beat his antagonist, until the latter gave in, and cried for quarter. The defeated master arose from the ground, and shook hands with David, observing, that if he exerted as much courage to defend his master as he had done to beat him, they would never part.

A FARMER had lately the following addition to his stock in one night—his wife was delivered of a child; a cow calved two calves; three ewes yeaned nine lambs; and a sow farrowed eleven pigs.

AT the late Great Sessions for the county of Radnor, an action was brought by a *fair lady* of fifty-five, against a Welch farmer, for breach of

of promise of marriage. It was clearly proved, upon the part of the injured damsel, that the defendant undertook to lead the blushing fair to the altar, and that she *tacitly* consented. The Court, however, not conceiving the contract complete, as the engagement was only *implied*, and not *expressed* by the lady, who it appeared had also shewn symptoms of attachment to *two* other false hearted swains, thought proper to nonsuit the plaintiff.

A SINGULAR instance of love at first sight, occurred last week in Clarges Street. A gentleman passing through it in his chariot, early in the morning, was struck with the appearance of a smart girl, washing the steps of the door-way. He stopped, and, having entered into five minutes conversation with her, persuaded this *nymph of the mop* to step into the carriage with him, in her *dripping state*, and the next morning conveyed her in better trim to church, and married her!

A WISEACRE of Lymn, in Cheshire, having, by dint of starvation, scraped together ten *Abrahams*, in order to hide them from the Corsican invader, converted the thatch of his house into a bank, and carefully crammed them into it. This happened on Christmas-day. On the New Year's-day, he stole secretly to his golden nest; when, alas! he found that the poor *Abrahams* had all been nibbled away by a congregation of rats, scarcely a a remnant of his ragged notes being left; and in cramming his paw into the deposit, the poor Lymn miller, as an additional mortification to the loss of his money, had a finger most dreadfully bitten by one of the *banking clerks*, namely, descendants of the ancient four-footed Norwegians, who invaded this country some centuries ago.

ANECDOTE.—Mr. Costello, the Irish barrister, of facetious memory, the very Erskine of his day, married, at a late period, a young and beautiful woman, who proved more attached to fashionable resorts than to his domestic concerns. After some gentle reproofs, he found it necessary to proceed to serious expostulation.—"Madam," said the counsellor, "I think it high time to *divide* the *house* with you."—"Oh, with all my heart, Sir," replied the lady, "you could not gratify me more."—"Then, Madam, I am resolved to keep possession of the *inside*; the *outside* is yours from this day!" He pronounced these words with so firm an emphasis, that Mrs. Costello was struck with the impropriety of her conduct, and from that day is said to have mended her behaviour.

THE WIDOW OUTWITTED.—Not a hundred miles from the Lowlights, North Shields, lives a buxom widow, who was lately assailed by a military serjeant, with the proposal of matrimony. After a vigorous siege, of five days, she surrendered to his eloquence, and the marriage day was appointed; but, in the interim, the cautious dame assigned her whole property, the chief of which was a free house, to her brother. The serjeant accidentally heard of the fraud, and as he happened to be more enamoured with the freehold than the widow, told her plainly—"Though she was weight enough to load a baggage waggon, yet he would not marry her, unless her whole property was also put in the scale." She was not willing to lose him, so applied to her brother to cancel the deed; but, alas! he obstinately refused; on which news the serjeant withdrew his suit, and the widow remains "a widow bewitched."

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

MR. EDITOR,

IF the following Hunting Song, composed by a gentleman of my acquaintance, is worthy of insertion in your very valuable repository of amusement, the honour will be a very ample remuneration for the pains of your's, &c.

VENATORIUS.

HUNTING SONG.

COME! rouse from your trances,
The sly morn advances,
To catch sluggish mortals in bed;
Let the horn's jocund note,
In the wind sweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head:
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head.
Each away to his steed,
Your Goddess shall lead;
Come follow, my worshippers! follow!
For the chase all prepare:
See! the hounds snuff the air;
Hark! hark! to the huntsman's sweet hollow.

Hark, Jowler! hark, Rover!
See renard breaks cover:
The hunters fly over the ground;
How they skim o'er the plain!
Now they dart down the lane,
And the hills, woods, and vallies, resound;
With dashing,
And splashing,
The hills, woods, and vallies resound!
Then away with full speed,
Your Goddess shall lead;
Come follow, my worshippers! follow!
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate—
If you stop, you're too late—
Hark! hark! to the huntsman's sweet hollow.

CHORUS.

Then away with full speed,
Your Goddess shall lead;
Come follow, my worshippers! follow!
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate—
If you stop, you're too late—
Hark! hark! to the huntsman's sweet hollow.

MODERN AMUSEMENTS.

GAMING, talking, swearing, drinking,
Hunting, shooting, never thinking;
Chatt'ring nonsense all day long,
Humming half an opera song;
Choosing baubles, rings, and jewels,
Writing verses, fighting duels;
Mincing words in conversation,
Ridiculing all the nation;
Admiring their own pretty faces,
As if possess'd of all the graces;
And, though no bigger than a rat,
Peeping under each girl's hat.

H DERMOT

DERMOT
AND
THE KEG OF WHISKEY.

OULD Phelim, poor Dermot's own
father,
Kind soul, all the neighbours did lather;
A penny his fee,
How cleverly he
Could shave 'em as clean as the sole
o' your shoe.

No barber ever throve braver,
Till Death, that most barbarous shaver,
One morn, in a trice,
Gave my daddy a slice,
And left the ould barber as dead as a
pig.

Ach! cried I, I'll perish with sorrow!
Heart-broken, I'll just die to-morrow!
And when I am dead,
Who'll shave the fat head
Of Parson O'Bodder that lives in our
lane.

Wild raving—according to *natur*—
Kick'd over a keg of the *cratur*;
Said I, by the by,
If to-morrow I die,
To be sure they wont spin *you* about at
the wake.

One sip I must take—and one other—
Rare stuff!——And, besides, my ould
mother
Shall starve when I'm gone.
O! undutiful son!
What! leave my ould mother!—and
WHISKEY like *this*!!

BRIMBER CRACK.

ANCIENT TOURNAMENT.

WARE once was known to fame;
to her fair fields
Whilom the Gothic tournament's proud
pomp
Brought Albion's valiant youth and
blooming maids:
Pleas'd with ideas of the past, the Muse
Bids fancy's pencil paint the scene,
where they
In gilded barges on the glassy stream
Circled the reedy isles, the sportive
dance
Along the smooth lawn led, or in the
groves
Wander'd conversing, or, reclin'd at
ease,
To harmony of lutes and voices sweet
Resign'd th' enchanted ear; till sudden
heard
The silver trumpet's animating sound
Summon'd the champions forth. On
stately steeds,
In splendid armour clad, the pond'rous
lance
With strenuous hand sustaining, forth
they came.
Where gay pavilions rose upon the
plain,
Or azure awnings stretch'd from tree to
tree,
Mix'd with thick foliage, form'd a mimic
sky
Of grateful shade:—as oft in Agra's
streets
The silken canopy from side to side
Extends, to break the sun's impetuous
ray,
While monarchs pass beneath:—there
sat the fair,
A glittering train, on costly carpets
rang'd,
A group of beauties, all in youthful
prime,
Of various feature and of various grace!
The pensive languish, and the sprightly
air,
Th' engaging smile, and all the nameless
charms
Which transient hope, or fear, or grief,
or joy,
Wak'd in th' expressive eye, th' ena-
mour'd heart
Of each young hero rous'd to daring
deeds.
Nor this aught strange, that those whom
love inspir'd
Prov'd ev'ry means the lovely sex to
please:
This strange, indeed, how custom thus
could teach
The tender breast complacence in the
sight
Of barb'rous sport, where friend from
hand of friend
The fatal wound full oft receiv'd, and
fell
A victim to false glory.

LINES

LINES
ON THE DEATH OF
CAPTAIN GEORGE HART.

Well known as an old and keen Sportsman; but more so, and caressed by all acquainted with him, from the suavity of his manners, and gentleman-like deportment. He died lately, almost suddenly, at his house at Woodstone, near Peterborough.

Post Equitum sedet atra mors.

FIRST in the field, at peep of day,
Equipp'd, and eager for the chase,
Friend Hart appear'd to lead the way,
And keep his usual foremost place.

But now his chase is run, and he,
Like other Sportsmen gone before,
Has left us in despondency,
To keep the field a few years more,

For whatsoe'er the chase we take,
Whether in camps, or sportive scene,
We all must pay this closing stake,
And yield to Death—"The Whipper-in." V——.

L——h R——d.

MY CHARMING FAITHFUL WILLY.

Sung by Miss Tyrer, in the Counterfeit.

I LOVE dear Willy passing well,
But Willy he loves Kitty,
And why he does I cannot tell,
For she is far from pretty.
Should parson tie the marriage knot,
'Tis true I'll look most queerly;
But likes he not what he has got,
Oh then I'll sing, and cheerly—
Stupid foolish Willy, silly dotard Willy,
I care not that, I care not that, for stupid foolish Willy.

If he accepts my proffer'd love,
And frowns on saucy Kitty,
His constant wife I'll ever prove,
And my poor rival pity.
But should she break her heart with grief,
Indeed I'll mourn, and sadly,
And when from fears I have relief,
Why then I'll sing, and gladly—
Beauteous, charming, honest, faithful Willy,
I care not that, I care not that, for all the world but Willy.

LINES.

On hearing that the Subscription Billiard Table was to be sold at Aldborough.

O ALDBRO' renown'd! long obscur'd was your birth,
Till people of fashion discover'd your worth!
How oft we your beauties have wish'd to explore,
When taking a trot to and fro on the shore;
Or walking the Terrace, how oft have we been
Kept waiting each morn for a bathing machine!
What signify titles! — what signifies wealth!
What's pleasure in life, if we cannot have health?
Your breeze so delightful we've often inhal'd,
You've given us spirits—when others have fail'd!
The *Doctor*, no doubt, may continue to shine,
And deal out good measure of physic and wine!
We know they are useful, in all kinds of weather,
And may be had singly—or taken together!
We fear much that no one can fill up his place.
Farewell to the *Billiards*—farewell to the *Mace!*
The lounger to Aldbro' must now bid adieu,
For R—ym—d intends to dispose of his *Queue!*

FROLIC AND FUN.

Rendlesham, Feb. 12.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH ON A BAILIFF.

THAT bailiff who had thousands arrested before,
Was taken by Death, who rush'd in at his door;
Though a learn'd Esculapius stood as a sentry,
He ne'er brought an action for forcible entry;
A power resistless, his power controuls,
That returnable writ on the day of All Souls;
On which he can ne'er be admitted to bail,
But must, in his turn, lie rotting in gaol.
To oppress the oppress'd, his intentions were firm,
He thought on no last day, but the last day of Term:
Now sprng'd on by worms, without preparation
To put in a plea to Death's declaration;
And be sure that the greater compassion you shew,
When Death claims his debt, will plead tenfold for you:
To his sins on record, he can make no denial,
But submit to the verdict brought in at his trial;
Debarr'd from that sweet subterfuge of our law,
To escape by misnomer, or seek for a flaw.
How unlike our courts is that kingdom of terror,
Where, in all their proceedings, there's no writ of error!
Ye bailiffs who pass by the tomb of this man,
Reflect, and have mercy whenever you can.

BURTON ALE.

AIR—*Langolee.*

OF the hill of Parnassus some Poets will tell us,
And Helicon fountains, a round-about tale;
Believe me, they're nothing but watery fellows;
For poets, there's nothing like good Burton ale.
O Burton ale! it sparkles so prettily,
Makes one keep rhiming and singing so wittily,
Not all the slipslops from France, Spain, or Italy,
Can equal, for poets, your good Burton ale.

Let them drink till they burst of their Hippocrine waters,
And then at my song and myself let them rail;
Let them hang up Apollo and all his nine daughters,
Give me but a bumper of good Burton ale.
O Burton ale! it sparkles so prettily,
It makes one keep rhiming and singing so wittily,
There's nothing in Ireland, in France, Spain, or Italy,
Sparkles so bright as your good Burton ale.

O yes!—there is something; it was my mistaking;
A something I better than any thing prize;
A something much brighter than what I've been speaking,
'Tis the sparkling of Norah Brulgruddery's eyes.
O Norah's black eyes! they sparkle so prettily,
She kisses so sweet, and her tongue wags so wittily,
Not all the stage-dancers from France, Spain, or Italy,
Can equal my Norah's two pretty black eyes.

But what of all that?—why there's surely no wonder
That one o'er the other should sometimes prevail;
For my part, I wish not to have them asunder,
The lass and the glass—love, and good Burton ale.
O Norah's glib tongue! how it prattles so wittily,
And nice Burton ale, how it sparkles so prettily;
A fig for the vineyards of France, Spain, and Italy;
Here's Norah Brulgruddery and good Burton ale.